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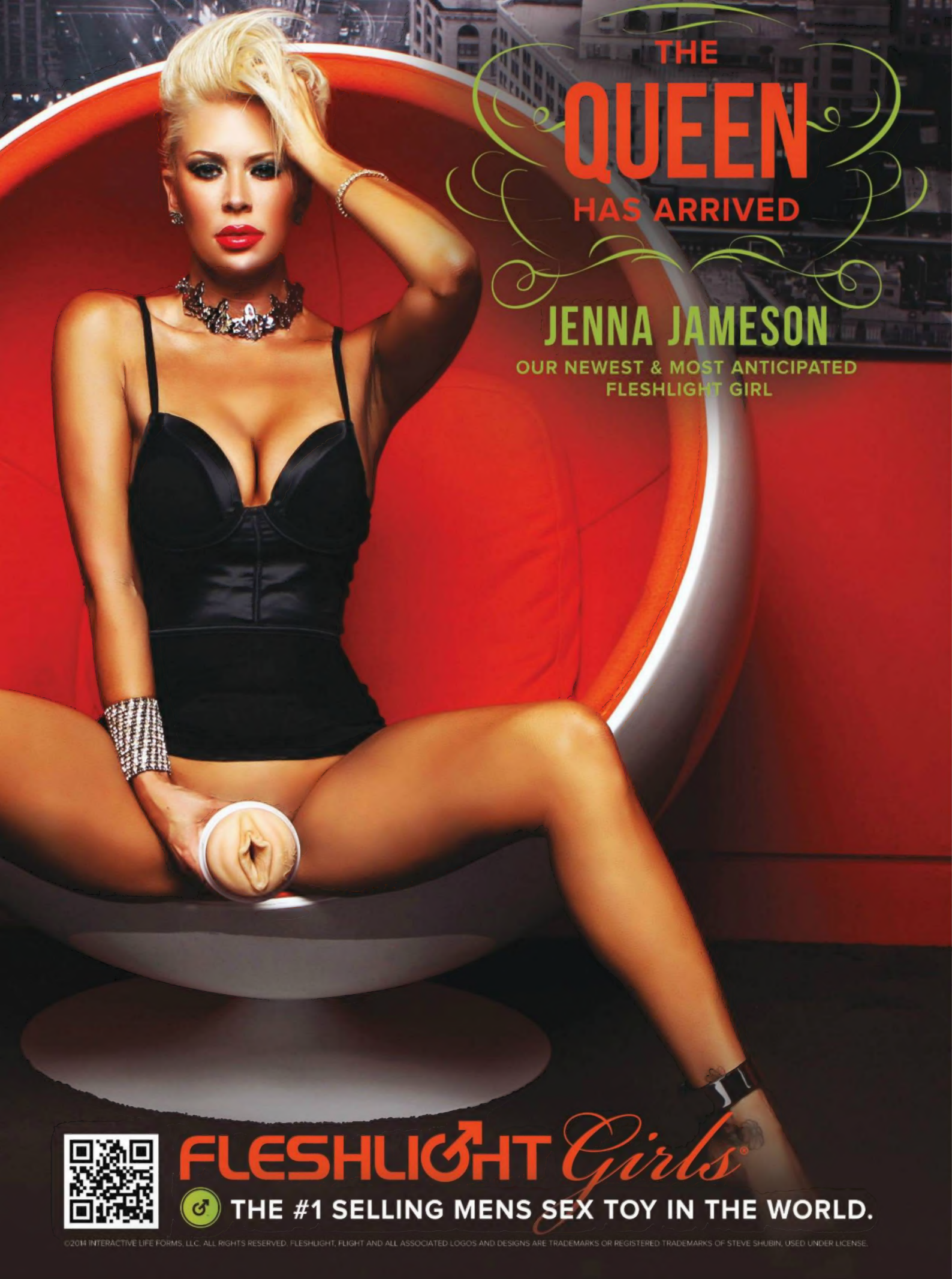
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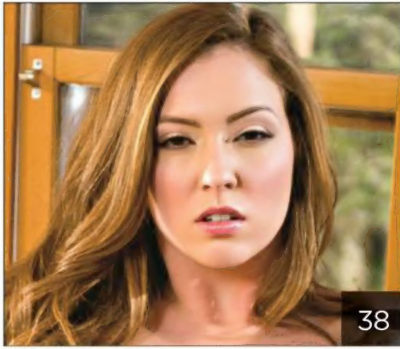


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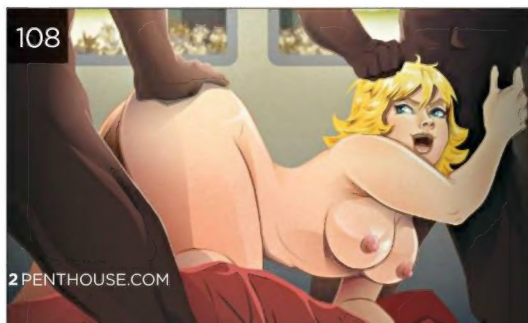


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CLOSET CASE



It was amazing how quickly they fell onto the bed and started fucking, my wife moaning and talking dirty the entire time.

My wife Jasmine and I have been happily married for six years. Recently, she hinted that she was attracted to her new boss, Roberto. He's based in Italy, has the type of smooth accent that appeals to women, and, according to Jasmine, is quite confident in his skills as a leader and a lover. She'd showed me a picture of him at last year's holiday party, surrounded by all the women in her office, including Jasmine. We're both secure in our love for each other, so it's quite normal for us to talk about our sexual fantasies.

By chance, I had to go out of town on business around the same time Roberto was coming to visit Jasmine's office. When my trip was cut short, I decided to return home a day early, but somewhere between the hotel and the airport I lost my phone, so I never called Jasmine to tell her that my plans had changed.

It was about 2 A.M. and the first thing I noticed when I drove up to the house was Jasmine's car in the driveway. She always parks in the garage, so I thought that was a bit strange. I parked on the street and made my way to the back door that is accessible from our deck, which also houses our hot tub. As I approached the deck, I heard the hot tub bubbling and the sound of laughter—my wife's and a man's.

I stopped short before either of them spotted me, and peeked out from the side of the house. It was dark, but the moon was out and I could

clearly see that my wife was with Roberto and topless. Curiosity and excitement immediately kicked into high gear. I quickly returned to my car and decided to park around the corner from the house.

I walked back and entered my house through the front door. I immediately headed toward the master bath on the second level, where we have a large window with a view of the hot tub. I peeked out, but could only see two heads sipping drinks, laughing, and chatting. Then Jasmine stood up in all her naked glory, climbed out of the tub, and headed for the house. Roberto, also naked, followed right behind her.

My first instinct was to hide in one of the bedroom closets. Jasmine and I have his and hers walk-in closets with hinged doors that we rarely close. It would have made sense to choose my closet, but Jasmine's offered one key element that mine didn't: I'd be able to see the bed if I hid behind the door and looked through the space between the hinges.

I'd just gotten into place when I heard Jasmine and Roberto enter the bedroom. Roberto didn't waste time with preliminaries, grabbing my wife as soon as she kicked the door closed. They start kissing, moaning, and groping, and I counted myself lucky that I could see them in the glow

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of the bathroom light. The sounds had my cock thickening in no time, and I reached inside my pants to reposition it. I couldn't recall the last time I shot my load without touching myself—probably when I saw my first copy of *Penthouse*—but I was well on my way.

It was amazing how quickly they fell onto the bed and started fucking, my wife moaning and talking dirty the entire time—talking dirty in a way I had never heard before. Also amazing was how quickly I blew my load, making a gooey mess of my pants.

Jasmine is a one-and-done-orgasm girl, so I figured it would end fairly soon and she'd send him on his way. But apparently Roberto was having a little trouble getting the job done. Jasmine reached into the nightstand drawer and pulled out her vibrator. I enjoy teasing her with it, and sometimes she even lets me use it to fuck her ass. I'd love to give her the real deal, but she says I'm too big, and no amount of begging or promises of lots of lube have made her change her mind.

Unfortunately, neither Jasmine nor I had remembered to replace the batteries after we last used it.

Roberto shifted his position so he was straddling my wife's torso. He wanted to fuck her tits, so there

was my beautiful wife with her luscious breasts in her hands, squishing them around her boss's cock. There's definitely an advantage to having large, nonsilicone breasts that are malleable. I watched as she tongued and sucked his cock as it slid between her breasts toward her lips. My cock began twitching again, and I stroked it in time with Roberto's thrusts.

They switched position and Jasmine started sucking him off. Then it was back to basic fucking. At that point, it occurred to me that they'd both been drinking, so I could be stuck in the closet for quite some time. My cock was stiff as a board again, and Jasmine had resumed talking dirty.

"Can I fuck your ass?" Roberto asked. My dick went from stiff to rock-hard as I thought, *Good luck with that, my friend! I've tried and she won't have anything to do with that.*

But before I could finish my thought, Jasmine was getting on her hands and knees for him. I didn't feel a drop of jealousy, though, as I could see that he wasn't nearly as large as I am. Jasmine handed him a bottle of oil from the drawer, and after slicking his dick, he slowly worked it inside her. There was lots of grunting and moaning from both of them, but I was practically ready to welcome old Roberto into the family. I figured if he did a good job and she liked it, then maybe I had a chance.

Pretty soon, Jasmine was moaning in pleasure as Roberto plowed her ass. Seeing another man doing her like that was fucking fantastic. I pumped my cock, and a few seconds later I left my mark on Jasmine's closet door, like a dog pissing on a fire hydrant. I made a mental note to clean up after myself in the morning.

Roberto finally pulled out, creaming her ass cheeks when he finished, but Jasmine still hadn't come. I got the impression that she'd had enough of Roberto when she offered to drive him to his hotel.

I had been hiding in the closet for a couple of hours, and sure, I'd had fun watching Jasmine fuck her boss, but I was ready to clean up and fuck my wife. Had I been in Roberto's place and my wife was too numb to come, I would have still had my enjoyment, and we could have cuddled up and passed out. But she wasn't about to let Roberto spend the night.

When Jasmine headed for her closet I held my breath. She nudged the door on her way in, but I was still wedged behind it. Lucky for me she

just grabbed a loose dress, slipped it on, and left. Then I heard her telling Roberto to hurry up because she wanted to get back and shower and get some sleep.

I breathed a sigh of relief when they left the bedroom, and once I heard the front door close, I jumped into the same bed where my wife had just fucked her boss. I knew that the hotel her company uses for guests was about 90 minutes away, so I napped for about an hour, then showered and left for work. I called Jasmine at her office later that afternoon.

"Oh, my God," Jasmine answered, sounding completely wiped out. "I cannot wait to get home and sleep. I had a wild night."

When I asked her what she meant, she just said she'd fill me in later.

When I got home Jasmine was getting ready for bed. We nestled in bed together for a few minutes, and then she said it: "I can't believe I fucked my boss last night."

I faked my astonishment, but kindly asked, "Are you serious?"

"Oh, yeah, I'm serious," she said. "Can we just take a nap and I promise I'll tell you about it later?"

"Sorry, baby," I said, as I felt my cock getting hard. "You can't leave me hanging like this."

Jasmine is an incredible storyteller, as she always includes every detail. She filled me in on what I did not know, about how they ended up naked in the hot tub. More impressively, she recounted the entire evening exactly as I had witnessed it. She was entirely truthful as she described her erotic adventure, and I soon found myself sliding my cock into her slick pussy.

She told me about the ride back to Roberto's hotel, and how he fingered her while she drove. When they got to the hotel, they started fucking again, and she finally had an orgasm. She said he'd filled her pussy full of come and she wanted to know if I could tell. Meanwhile, I pumped into her furiously as she breathlessly recounted every detail.

When we awoke a couple of hours later, she hopped on top of me and rode me while she fingered her clit. Her gorgeous 36Ds were bouncing as she said, "Fuck me, baby. Fuck me hard and deep." I came again when she did, and she collapsed and said, "No more sex for a week." I figured I'd have to wait to ask her if she'd changed her mind about ass fucking.—W.H., North Carolina

More letters on page 122



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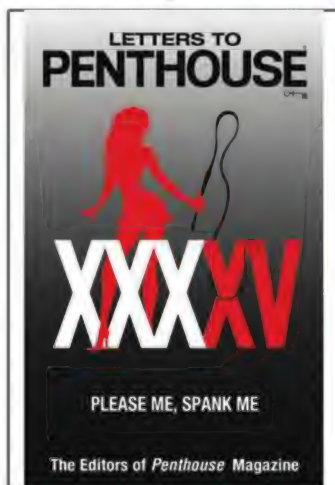
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RoboRedux

Acclaimed Brazilian director José Padilha reboots Paul Verhoeven's 1987 sci-fi classic *RoboCop*, with Michael Keaton, Gary Oldman, and rising star Joel Kinnaman in the title role.





Robo Reboot

Paul Verhoeven's landmark 1987 film *RoboCop* gets reimaged by Brazilian director José Padilha.



RoboCop

Gary Oldman, Joel Kinnaman, Samuel L. Jackson

Paul Verhoeven's 1987 action landmark is already considered a subversive classic—sci-fi injected with municipal anxiety, slick humor, and gore—so a remake seems dubious at best. But here's why we're letting our inner geek get excited at the prospect: There's an unusually smart director at the helm, Brazil's José Padilha, who, with 2002's extraordinary *Bus 174*, displayed a gift for urban despair. (The guy also went to Oxford and studied politics.) All initial reports suggest that the original film's perverse strand of "drone" policing—a notion as timely as ever—is front and center, and how can you not get giddy at seeing devilish Oldman in a white lab coat as the movie's villain? Finally, if you haven't watched TV's *The Killing*, let us introduce you to Sweden's Kinnaman, a flinty, Daniel Craig-like leading man, playing the armor-plated hero.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERRY HAYES

**Jamesy Boy****James Woods, Ving Rhames, Spencer Lofranco**

Here's a pro tip if you're a scrawny, white-boy, gangsta wannabe who winds up in prison: Make friends with the Ving Rhames character on the cell block. Since you're more accustomed to suburban capers and adoring girlfriends than maximum-security smackdowns, you'll need Rhames's muscle on the inside. His thousand-yard-stare wisdom won't hurt either. Rhames is long overdue for a chewy performance to tear into, and he may have it here as a convict/mentor. Live-wire Woods looks to be having fun, too, as a vicious warden. We're holding out hope that this pulpy acting fest will make the lean winter months a little more bearable.

**Devil's Due****Allison Miller, Zach Gilford**

Like a voracious demon, the "found footage" gimmick has consumed all kinds of horror flicks, from home-invasion ghost stories and Vatican spook-fests, to city-wrecking monster mashes. Call us surprised, then, that it's taken this long to produce a *Rosemary's Baby*-style pregnancy thriller, because the concept is a no-brainer. You start with an attractive couple (Miller and Gilford) getting married, then cut to the honeymoon footage: all swimming-pool romps and romantic dinners. With selfie-generation glee, they film their news for their parents that a bun's in the oven. Then cue the evil complications and black bile.

**Winter's Tale****Russell Crowe, Colin Farrell, Jennifer Connelly**

Mark Helprin's 1983 novel is hard to categorize, but it's an obvious choice for Hollywood's more ambitious fringe. It revolves around a likable turn-of-the-twentieth-century New York City thief (Farrell) who falls for a comely homeowner (*Downton Abbey*'s gorgeous Jessica Brown Findlay) he'd targeted for burglary. There's a crime boss with little patience (Crowe) and a wrenching murder. Cut to many decades later, when the characters are reincarnated. Hopefully, sensible screenwriter Akiva Goldsman (*A Beautiful Mind*), making his directorial debut, can prevent this one from going off the rails à la the Wachowski siblings' *Cloud Atlas*.

**The Monuments Men****George Clooney, Matt Damon, Bill Murray, John Goodman**

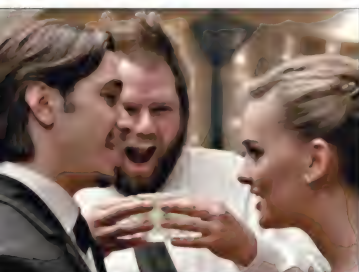
Sure, we liked *Inglourious Basterds* (mainly for Christoph Waltz's silver-tongued devil), but Quentin Tarantino kind of shorted us on the band-of-brothers element of men at war. Star/director Clooney seems set to correct that with his latest, a World War II comedy—at least we assume it's one, given the cast—with a killer lineup of frontline warriors, including Damon, Murray, Goodman, and a bespectacled Bob Balaban. They're on a mission to rescue Europe's priceless trove of artistic masterpieces, a cultural target of the Third Reich. It's actually a true story, but surely no Allied division had such deep potential for one-liners. **A-**

LET'S GET WEIRD

Feel like there's nothing new under the sun? These recommendations run the gamut, from twisted comedies to old-school gore.

Afternoon Delight

In this quirky dramedy from former *Six Feet Under* writer Jill Soloway, a bored housewife takes her husband to a strip club in the hopes of spicing up their lackluster sex life. We like the way she thinks. But after getting a lap dance from a sexy blonde, her maternal instinct kicks into overdrive, and she decides to "rescue" the dancer by hiring her as a live-in nanny. Needless to say, the plan goes sour pretty quickly, and the story takes a dramatic turn—but we'll still pick up a copy of the Blu-ray just to see Juno Temple giving a lap dance in high-def.



Best Man Down

For better or worse, wedding comedies have pretty much become their own subgenre—but this one takes the big day to a much darker place than, say, *The Hangover* and *Bridesmaids*. After the best man, Lumpy, dies from a combination air-guitar accident/drunken cactus run-in—no, really—the groom is forced to cancel his honeymoon and plan the funeral. This includes a road trip to track down a mysterious teenager in Lumpy's phone contacts, an awkward meth subplot, and some gross corpse humor. If you wouldn't be caught dead watching the Oscars, this bizarre comedy is the perfect antidote for highbrow cinema.



Never Sleep Again: The Elm Street Legacy

Three decades ago, Wes Craven created a horror movie about a disfigured dream-stalker. Since then, the *Nightmare on Elm Street* franchise has raked in nearly half a billion dollars at the box office and spawned some good sequels, some terrible sequels, a *Friday* the 13th crossover, a TV show, and even a few novels and comic books. This four-hour documentary chronicles the whole shebang, from the original concept to the movie's impact on the genre. Freddy fans will find behind-the-scenes footage, conceptual art, and interviews with the cast and crew (including the man in the striped sweater himself, Robert Englund). It's a worthy watch for any horror buff.



Bad Milo

It's been almost four years since *The Human Centipede* traumatized us, so obviously we're due for another horror movie about digestive nightmares and (literal) assholes. Ken Marino, who does weird comedies like no one else, stars as an accountant with a murderous demon up his butt. It turns out the ass monster is a manifestation of his stressed-out subconscious, and the only way to subdue it is to build a bond with it. Here's the weirdest part: Critics actually *liked* the film. Grab a copy to see Marino take toilet humor to a whole new level—and because there's nothing like a shit-covered puppet in 1,080p resolution.

TV ON DVD



The Americans: The Complete First Season

In FX's Reagan-era spy thriller, created and produced by a former CIA officer, Keri Russell and Matthew Rhys play a suburban couple dealing with the usual marriage issues—which are complicated by the fact that they're both KGB spies. When a fed moves in across the street, shit gets real. If you haven't seen the series, grab the DVD and get acquainted before the second season airs. If you're already a fan, you'll enjoy the commentary, featurettes, gag reel, and deleted scenes.



HEX-MEX

In a richly comic new novel, Juan Pablo Villalobos takes satirical aim at his star-crossed homeland, Mexico.

Quesadillas

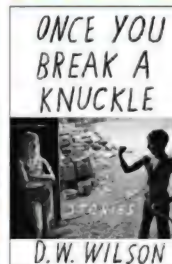
By Juan Pablo Villalobos

"Humor is almost always anger with its makeup on," Stephen King writes in his book *Bag of Bones*, and it's a notion that applies snugly to Villalobos's hilarious, furious second novel, *Quesadillas*. Set in Lagos de Moreno, in Los Altos, Jalisco—"a region that, to add insult to injury, is located in Mexico," we're told—the compact, powerful book relays the story of Orestes and his six brothers and sisters (all of whom have been named after Greek icons by their schoolteacher father), and their struggle to survive mid-1980s Mexico, where corruption and economic calamity run rampant. Those forces, as well as sibling rivalry and plain bad luck, wreak havoc on Orestes's impoverished family in this inspired, cleverly written yarn that takes several unruly flights of fancy involving Polish immigrants, aliens, religious pilgrims, animal husbandry, short cons, and one excellent Pink Floyd reference.

Savage-Beatdown Excerpt of the Month

From *Once You Break a Knuckle*

By D. W. Wilson



A finalist for the Dylan Thomas Prize, D. W. Wilson's *Once You Break a Knuckle* is a collection of interconnected short stories set in the hard-scrabble Kootenay Valley in Western Canada. Wilson's characters are mill workers, schoolteachers, laborers, Mounties, and their sons. They are, by turns, rugged, raw, savage, and sensitive, and Wilson etches them into memorable stories of emotional and provincial isolation. In this excerpt, from "Sediment," two

high school outcasts who've spent the summer restoring a 1967 Camaro have a second run-in with a nemesis named Ham:

"... Then we heard boys yell and tires screech, and when we looked at the Camaro there was Ham's truck and a bunch of guys scrambling out of it. Bellows ... took off in a sprint. By the time he reached the parking lot the hicks had scratched FUCKING FAG across the Camaro's hood with a key.

"Ham was halfway inside his truck when Bellows heaved him to the asphalt and kicked him in the ribs, hard. He grabbed Ham's hair in one fist and cracked him in the nose, and cracked him again, and again. Other hicks climbed from their truck but one glare from Bellows made them wait it out. The whole time Ham blubbered like a kid being beaten. He was saying sorry. He was saying he was so sorry.

"When Bellows finished, Ham's face was puffy, as if by bee stings. He went fetal. Bellows had blood and snot on his knuckles.

"—Call someone, he told me.

"—Bellows? I said.

"—Call someone, he said again, this look in his eyes as if he meant *help me*." ○✚

Caught

By Lisa Moore



You can have your cake and eat it too with *Caught*, the third novel from celebrated Canadian author Lisa Moore. Telling the story of freshly escaped convict David Slaney, a marijuana smuggler trying to evade the authorities long enough to orchestrate one big score that would rearrange his life, Moore combines the propulsive storytelling of a beach-book thriller with the skilled use of language and penetrating insights of literary fiction. She pulls it off seamlessly, creating a vivid,

compulsively readable tale that will have you searching out the Newfoundlander's previous works—including 2005's Giller Prize-nominated *Alligator* and 2010's *February*, which won the Canada Reads competition—if you aren't already familiar with them.

POSITIONS PAPERS

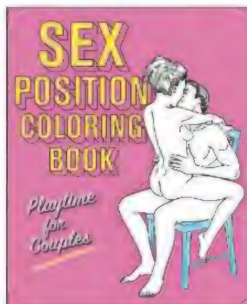
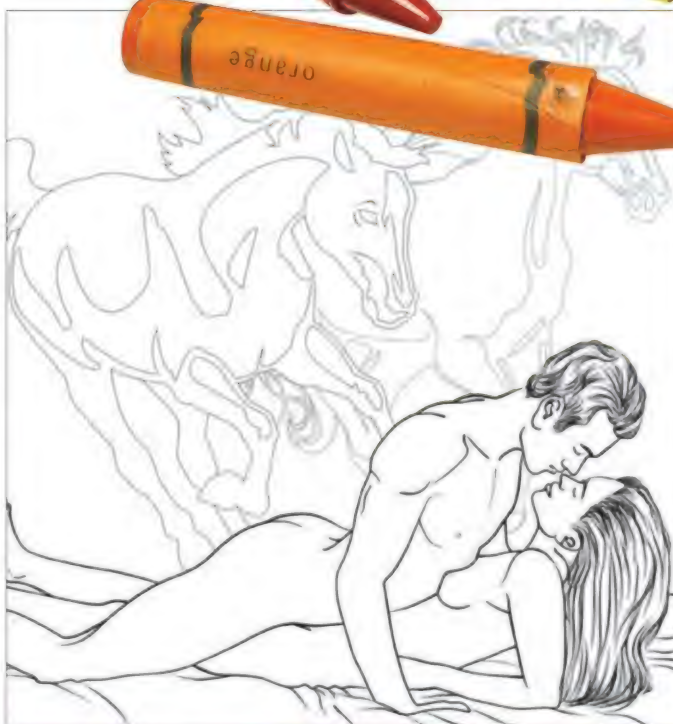
There's nothing wrong with mixing a little humor or technology into advice about sex positions.

By Barbara Rice Thompson



Kama Xcitra: A Sex Guide With 3D Hologram Technology

Looking up one of the 69 positions in this guide from Xcite Books is like a trip into the future. After you get the book, download the free app onto your smartphone or tablet. Then, find a position in the app, hold the camera lens over the corresponding page of the book, and the image pops up in 3-D. You can turn the image by moving either device or book, look at the couple from above, or slowly rotate them. And since this isn't meant for just scholarly discourse, you can freeze the image and put down your phone or tablet.



Sex Position Coloring Book: Playtime for Couples

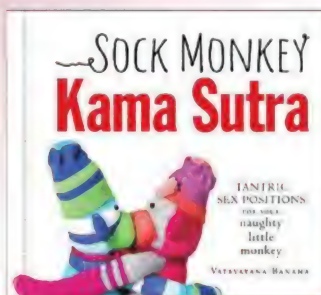
For a trippy look at positions, let your inner child check out the 101 line drawings in this adult-themed coloring book from Amorata Press. The positions themselves are real, although they've been given new names (like "the Hasselhoff"), and the backgrounds look like they've been pulled from random artsy drawings for real kids (like "Wild Stallion," above, and "Cloud 69"). It's more bachelorette party than bachelor party, but it could be entertaining for your friends who like to party with their good friend Mary Jane.

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF (KAMA XCITRA) XCITE BOOKS, (SEX POSITIONS COLORING BOOK) AMORATA PRESS/HOLLAND PUBLISHING, (SOCK MONKEY KAMA SUTRA) F+W MEDIA, INC./DEANA TRAVERS; HOMETOWN PHOTO



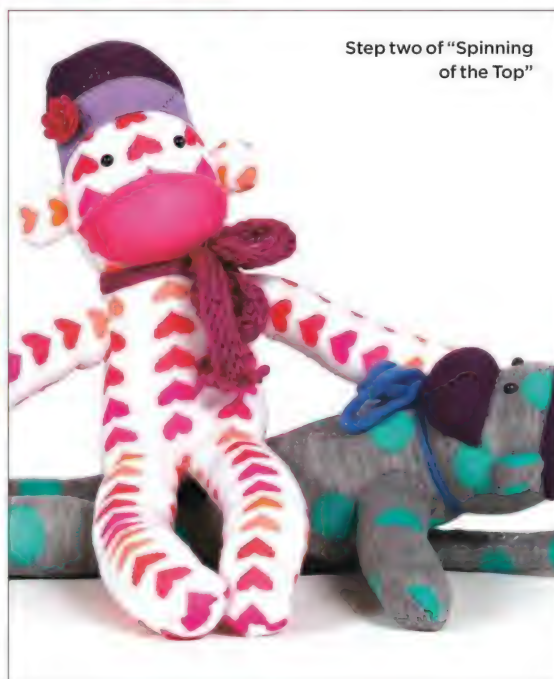
"The Monkey"

"The Elephant"



Sock Monkey Kama Sutra: Tantric Sex Positions for Your Naughty Little Monkey
By Vatsyayana Banana

If your girl would prefer a completely unintimidating glimpse into the Kama Sutra, you can't go wrong with this book from Adams Media. Every woman in the *Penthouse* editorial office who saw it loved it. The three dozen positions included are depicted accurately, although naughty little monkeys can manage some of them a lot more easily than human beings. You're not likely to need warnings about ripping your hidden seams, but props to "Vatsyayana Banana" for fully embracing the joke. 〇—



Step two of "Spinning of the Top"



Extra Life



Revitalize last year's biggest games with these downloadable expansions.



BIOSHOCK INFINITE: BURIAL AT SEA EPISODES ONE AND TWO 2K GAMES (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

These short-but-sweet follow-up scenarios to last year's most highbrow blaster deliver the best of both worlds, setting players adrift in the marine metropolis of the original *BioShock* with the enhanced graphics and gameplay of *BioShock Infinite*'s sky-high utopia, Columbia. Booker and Elizabeth, his reality-bending sidekick, explore the submerged city of Rapture before it went to Splicer-haunted hell. Booker wields new weapons and old powers—called Plasmids in Rapture parlance—while Elizabeth unleashes new summoning tricks. Saying anything more about the story would spoil both the ending of *Infinite* (if you haven't beaten it) and reveal too many new plot twists, but these two episodes played back-to-back are practically a sequel.

BATTLEFIELD 4: CHINA RISING AND SECOND ASSAULT ELECTRONIC ARTS (XBOX ONE, XBOX 360, PS4, PS3, PC)

The multiplayer battle begun in *Battlefield 4* continues to rage in not one but two expansion packs, each with new weapons, funky vehicles, and its own theaters of war. *China Rising* deploys the player on four new battlefields spread across the Chinese mainland. The maps range from the sprawling dunes and rugged cliffs of Taklamakan to the claustrophobic caves of the Guilin Peaks (perfect for close-quarters combat) to a reimagining of a classic *Battlefield 2* map called Dragon Pass. Here you'll climb aboard new naval-attack craft to navigate the map's twisting rivers. The nimble dirt bike from the *Battlefield 3* expansions returns, adding some motocross-flavored freestyling to the firefight. Characters in Support and Recon can access unmanned aerial vehicles. And for players who prefer taking the highway to the danger zone, a new Air Superiority mode focuses on dogfights and bombing missions.

The *Second Assault* expansion, meanwhile, brings back four fan-favorite maps that have been redesigned to take advantage of *Battlefield 4*'s destructible environments. Operation Metro 2014 is set in a postapocalyptic Paris, complete with flooded subway tunnels you can collapse on foes. The Caspian Border 2014 map has been revamped with new vantage points and a central communications tower you can topple. A refinery map—called, appropriately enough, Operation Firestorm 2014—features a spiderweb of pipelines that you can ignite right under your enemy's boots. The dune buggy of previous games returns in the Gulf of Oman 2014 map, where players are now assailed by blinding sandstorms. Five new weapons and a Capture the Flag mode add some variety to all the extras.


THE LAST OF US: LEFT BEHIND
SONY COMPUTER ENTERTAINMENT (PS3)

A prequel of sorts to last year's creepy, excellent *The Last of Us*—but set after the outbreak of the mutant-making fungus that turned America into an infected wasteland—*Left Behind* focuses on spunky Ellie rather than gruff mercenary Joel. Ellie is joined by her best pal, Riley, a mentor at their military boarding school. The single-player story follows their friendship and their character-building (and near-death) experiences in the Boston quarantine zone. As with the original game, spore-sprouting horrors lurk around every dark corner, and Ellie must piece together home-brew weaponry to commit fungicide and survive.



ASSASSIN'S CREED IV: BLACK FLAG: FREEDOM CRY
UBISOFT (XBOX ONE, XBOX 360, PS4, PS3, Wii U, PC)

This is like a swashbuckling take on *Django Unchained*, with runaway slave Adewale (Edward Kenway's second-in-command in *Black Flag*) on a quest to emancipate his compatriots in Port-au-Prince by the most violent means necessary. Now a trained assassin, Adewale starts the expansion shipwrecked, unarmed, and alone. Over the roughly four-hour campaign, he'll need to assemble a crew, steal a ship, and demolish the most brutal slaver fortress in the West Indies. *Freedom Cry* will be followed by new multiplayer maps and an "Illustrious Pirates" pack featuring new missions, famous real-life ships from the golden age of piracy, and timber-shivering weaponry.


FORZA MOTORSPORT 5: LAFERRARI CAR PACK
MICROSOFT (XBOX ONE)

Unless you just found \$3 million in change stuck between your couch cushions, this downloadable pack is the closest you'll get to revving the engine of a 2013 LaFerrari. Not only will you put the hypercar through its paces on new tracks and in new races, you can also stroll around it, explore its interior, check under the hood, sit in park and rev the engine—everything but buff off the Turtle Wax. Following this launch, Microsoft is releasing a new pack of ten cars each month until May, for a total of six individual car packs. You can buy each auto separately, or plunk down \$50 for a Car Pass that will put them all in your *Forza* garage.


DEAD RISING 3: SEASON PASS
MICROSOFT (XBOX ONE)

Four content packs add new life to the undead apocalypse in the Xbox One's most fun launch title, a sort of *Grand Theft Auto* meets *Shaun of the Dead*. Each installment brings new playable survivors, missions, and makeshift weaponry to the California town of Los Perdidos. The first two packs—*Operation Broken Eagle* and *Fallen Angel*—are available now; the other two hit in February and March. 



Against Me!
Transgender Dysphoria Blues
Total Treble

Punk-rock veterans Against Me! have undergone some changes since their last album, 2010's big, glossy *White Crosses*. Let's see, they've added powerhouse drummer Atom Willard (Rocket From the Crypt, Danko Jones), former Refused bassist Inge Johansson, and, um—oh, yeah: Their lead singer, guitarist, and founder, the former Tom Gabel, came out as transgender, began hormone-replacement therapy, and now goes by the name Laura Jane Grace. So how has that last change affected the music, particularly Against Me!'s trademark growling lead vocals? The answer arrives immediately in the searing title track, which rides Willard's martial drumbeat and a staccato riff as Grace snarls raw lyrics like, "You want them to see you like they see every other girl/ They just see a faggot." Nine more terrific tracks follow, several of them unflinchingly sketching Grace's rocky (and rocking!) journey of gender identity. Standouts include "Unconditional Love," "Paralytic States," and the catchy, serpentine "Osama Bin Laden as the Crucified Christ."

In Transit

On their kinetic new album, Florida punk rockers Against Me! tackle their founder and lead singer's recent life change.

Mogwai
Rave Tapes
Sub Pop

It's no wonder Mogwai has found additional work scoring films and television shows (*The Fountain*, *Les Revenants*): The Glasgow quintet are masters of atmosphere. Their mostly instrumental pieces pulse and gradually build to dramatic crescendos before collapsing and regenerating. They've mined a career's worth of compelling material from the style, using expertly deliberate pacing, powerful distortion and guitar effects, and introducing new textures here and there. This time out, they've added electronics, as on "Remurdered," an icy, synth-driven track, and the vocoder-infused "The Lord Is Out of Control." This is music to get gloriously lost in.



Warpaint
Warpaint
Rough Trade

L.A. quartet Warpaint has a secret weapon in drummer Stella Mozgawa. Her propulsive rhythms tether the all-female band's dreamy soundscapes, seeing them through even their most subdued moments. On "Teese," from their new self-titled record, singer Emily Kokal wails, "You're so golden/ I'm so golden now/ I want more now/ I want more now," but she sounds so desperate, and the song's spirit is so somber, you're not convinced she'll ever get what she wants. But this is an album less about moments than mood. Warpaint songs stake out a kind of predawn half-light, to transporting effect.



Hard Working Americans
Hard Working Americans
Melvin Records/Thirty Tigers

Veteran singer-songwriter Todd Snider has a new project afoot, and if you like gutbucket Americana, dished out by top-notch players, you'll want to pull up a chair. Joining forces with Dave Schools of Widespread Panic, Neal Casal of the Chris Robinson Brotherhood, Duane Trucks of King Lincoln, and Chad Staehly of Great American Taxi, Snider chose from a grab bag of "perfect" songs he's collected during the past two decades. The rootsy all-stars crank out soulful, rocking versions of the Bottle Rockets' "Welfare Music," Hayes Carll's "Stomp and Holler," and Frankie Miller's "Blackland Farmer." They also do a jammy, Grateful Dead-like rendition of Kieran Kane's "The Mountain Song," and a stripped-down take on Kevn Kinney's desolate "Straight to Hell." Snider says that HWA want to take "patriotism back for ... the broken and the bleeding, the subversives and the stoned." Mission accomplished.





HEIGH-HO, HEIGH-HO

Fifteen Great Songs About Work

"Get a Job," the Silhouettes, 1957

Money line: "After breakfast every day she throws the want ads right my way/ And never fails to say, 'Get a job.'"

"Careers in Combat," Parquet Courts, 2013

Money line: "There are still careers in combat, my son."

"Welcome to the Working Week," Elvis Costello, 1978

Money line: "You gotta do it till you're through it so you better get to it."

"Minimum Wage," They Might Be Giants, 1990

Money line: "Minimum wage! Heayah!"

"Maggie's Farm," Bob Dylan, 1978

Money line: "He hands you a nickel/ He hands you a dime/ He asks

you with a grin/ If you're having a good time."

"John Henry," traditional, date unknown

Money line: "I'll die with a hammer in my hand."

"Sixteen Tons," Merle Travis, 1946

Money line: "You load 16 tons, what do you get? Another day older and deeper in debt."

"Bang the Drum All Day," Todd Rundgren, 1983

Money line: "I don't wanna work, I just wanna bang on the drum all day."

"Takin' Care of Business," Bachman-Turner Overdrive, 1973

Money line: "You get

up every morning from your alarm clock's warning/ Take the 8:15 into the city."

"Working in the Coal Mine," Devo, 1981 (written by Allen Toussaint, No. 1 for Lee Dorsey in 1966)

Money line: "Five o'clock in the morning, I'm up before the sun/ When my work day is over, I'm too tired for having fun."

"She Works Hard for the Money," Donna Summer, 1983

Money line: "She works hard for the money, so you better treat her right."

"King Harvest (Has Surely Come)," the Band, 1969

Money line: "I work for the union, 'cause she's so good to me/ And I'm bound to

come out on top, that's where she said I should be."

"Atlantic City," Bruce Springsteen, 1982

Money line: "Well, I'm tired of coming out on the losing end, so honey, last night I met this guy and I'm gonna do a little favor for him."

"Take This Job and Shove It," Johnny Paycheck, 1977 (written by David Allen Coe)

Money line: "Take this job and shove it, I ain't workin' here no more."

"Working Man," Rush, 1974

Money line: "It seems to me I could live my life a lot better than I think I am."



5 ACTS UNEXPECTEDLY ACCUSED OF SATANISM

Unassuming post-rockers Mogwai—whose name means "evil spirit" in Cantonese—have yet to be accused of worshipping the devil, but as the cases here suggest, it's only a matter of time.

Gwen Stefani

The tin-foil-hat-wearing segment of the internet has established—beyond any shadow of a doubt, so don't dispute it—that the 2003 No Doubt song "It's My Life" declares "I love Satan" when played backward.

Beyoncé and Jay-Z

Online crackpots allege that when spelled backward, their baby's name, Blue Ivy, is Latin for "Lucifer's daughter." One problem with this notion (among a bottomless well of others): "Lucifer" is already a Latin word.


Soundgarden

When played backward, their 1988 song "665" yields the lyrics "Santa, I love you baby. My Christmas king." Naturally, the Seattle rockers were accused of Satanism for it.

Lady Gaga

She canceled a June 2012 show in Indonesia because of threats from religious groups, who deemed her satanic. Search queries for her and her songs subsequently spiked fivefold in the Muslim nation.

The Beatles

The song "Revolution 9," from *The White Album*, allegedly contains the words "turn me on, dead man" recorded backward, which obviously means that Paul McCartney died and was resurrected via satanic ritual. It's not complicated, people. 



Auckland

Baton Rouge

*Chicago

Denver

Detroit

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www.penthouseclubs.com

A woman wearing a black and white vertically striped referee shirt is holding a brown football in her right hand. The shirt is open at the collar, and she is also holding the bottom hem of the shirt with her left hand. The background is dark.

NEW YORK STRIP

If you're coming to New York City for the Super Bowl, allow us to guide you toward hotties, hookups, and the best pole dancers in the city. And since we know not everyone can make it to the Big Apple for the big game, we investigated new apps designed to help you find a strip club in any town.



TOUCH DOWN

In town for the Super Bowl? The forecast in the New York metropolitan area might give you chills, so hang on to our guide for a hot time in the Big Apple.

By Joe Diamond

BARS

Beauty Bar

TheBeautyBar.com

This popular East Village bar morphed from beauty salon to beauty "saloon." It draws a down-to-earth crowd filled with attractive, approachable young women. If you want to get in some grooming with your girl-watching, there are Martinis & Manicures deals every night till 11. Ten dollars nabs you or your date a drink and a pair of photogenic hands. On weekends, Beauty Bar springs into full party mode, with deejays stirring a booty-shakin' brew of soul, rock 'n' roll, new wave, bubblegum pop, and more.

1 OAK

1OAKNYC.com

The name stands for "one of a kind," and it's among Manhattan's A-list nightspots, pulling in a mix of gorgeous models and celebrities, including Robin Thicke, Beyoncé, and Jay-Z. The fireplace, ostrich-leather seating, and wood-paneled exterior give this Chelsea venue a cozy feel, but be warned: "1 OAK is very exclusive," says Chris Luna of Craft of Charisma, one of the city's top dating coaches. "There are three ways to get in: know someone, get incredibly lucky, or drop thousands on a table."

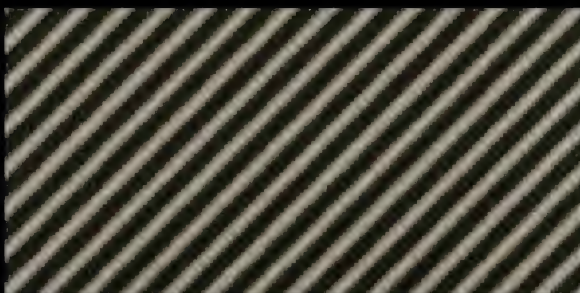
Home Sweet Home

HomeSweetHomeBar.com

It may be a divey basement bar on the Lower East Side, but it's a great hookup spot, in part due to the conversation-starting decor, especially the taxidermied animals. As one patron says, "When's the last time you had the soulless eyes of an ocelot stare you down as you sipped on vodka tonics?" The bar plays everything from hip-hop to classic disco to sixties rock, drawing a diverse crowd of hipsters, clubbers, trust-fund kids, and fun-loving groups of bachelorettes and bridesmaids.

IN GOTHAM





NIGHTCLUBS

Lit Lounge

LitLoungeNYC.com

This notorious incubator of one-night stands is a music and art venue in the funky East Village. Drew Barrymore, the White Stripes, and Lindsay Lohan have all partied here. On the main dance floor, deejays spin rock, new wave, dance, and more. Downstairs, you'll find another dance area and a venue with live bands playing from eight to midnight. After midnight, a deejay takes over.

Output

OutputClub.com

Despite its location in Brooklyn's hipster haven of Williamsburg, Output isn't completely pre-tentious. For starters, there's no dress code. Music is the focus here. Glass-shattering acoustics pump out "the best sound in the city, if not the country," says one regular. DJ Koze, Matthew Dear, and other world-class turntablists perform their aural magic. Cameras are verboten, a good thing if Instagramming on the dance floor annoys you, but a bad thing if you like to approach women by offering to take their picture.



SGTS at Hotel Chantelle

HotelChantelle.com/Nightlife/SGTS

Don't let the "hotel" part fool you: There are no guest rooms at Hotel Chantelle. It houses a vintage-style French restaurant, a cocktail lounge, and SGTS, a subterranean club that throws some of the liveliest dance parties on the Lower East Side. No cover adds to the appeal, but if the club gets too crowded, latecomers get hit with a \$50 bar minimum. After you connect with a cutie on the dance floor, slip upstairs with her to the Lobby, a retro cocktail lounge with comfy red-leather banquettes.



GUIDED TOUR

HOTEL HOT SPOTS

Empire Hotel Rooftop

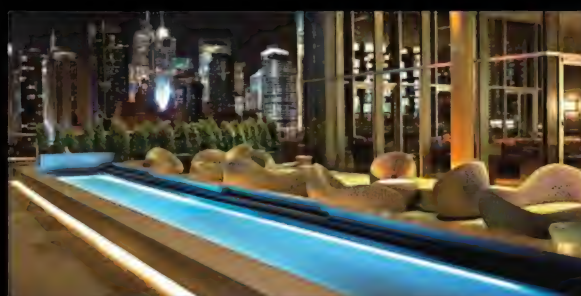
EmpireHotelNYC.com

Rooftop bars are a staple of New York nightlife, but they're not all as winterproof as this terrace, whose retractable roof makes it ideal for year-round carousing. Floor-to-ceiling windows offer sweeping views of Lincoln Center and the Upper West Side. The place gets packed on weekends, and the crowd generally includes lots of girls looking to wreak havoc. If you prefer a more mellow ambience, live jazz on Monday nights brings in a more subdued clientele.

The Press Lounge

ThePressLounge.com

Ink48, a boutique hotel in Midtown West, is home to this rooftop watering hole, whose retractable glass wall and biofuel fireplace make it a literal wintertime hot spot. ABC News named it one of the world's best rooftop bars. The crowd of mainly twentysomethings contains a healthy number of well-dressed lovelies enjoying the potent beverages, and the breathtaking vistas are a surefire icebreaker. It frequently closes for private parties, so call to make sure it's open to the public.



MEET MARKETS/MISCELLANEOUS

Whole Foods Market Union Square

WholeFoodsMarket.com

These upscale grocery stores across the country have become famed pickup spots. You can even find YouTube videos on techniques for macking on women in Whole Foods. Journalist Heather Haddon calls the Union Square branch one of the city's best places for women to go if they're seeking rich bachelors. Why not capitalize on the presence of all those gold diggers by implying you're a jet-setter who comes to New York City often enough to make a long-distance relationship viable?

Super Bowl Boulevard

NYCgo.com

The big game might be across the Hudson, but there's no way the city that never sleeps is going to let its neighbor New Jersey reap all the Super Bowl glory. From January 29 through February 1, a stretch of Broadway will be closed to vehicles and transformed into Super Bowl Boulevard, a free, football-themed extravaganza open to the public from noon to 11 P.M. Plenty of time to hunt for hotties who share your passion for the game.



GENTLEMEN'S CLUBS



Penthouse Executive Club PECNYC.com

Manhattan has some of the finest adult-entertainment establishments on Earth, and we're not just patting ourselves on the back when we say that the Penthouse Executive Club in Midtown graces the top tier of that elite grouping. The Travel Channel's website ranks it among America's sexiest gentlemen's clubs. Beautiful women come from around the globe to perform on the showroom's three stages and two suspended sky stages. Enjoy a strip steak and Scotch at Robert's Steakhouse, an elegant restaurant that has received rave reviews from the *New York Times* and other prominent publications, then head to one of the luxurious private rooms for a party.



Sapphire New York NYSapphire.com

Sapphire has a knack for generating controversy. In 2009, for instance, the club invited Australian Prime Minister Kevin Rudd to come by while he was visiting the States. The idea isn't as crazy as it sounds. Before becoming PM, and back when the club was Scores, Rudd reportedly got too hands-on with the dancers there and was reprimanded by management. That seems to have dampened his interest in strip clubs. Sapphire also occasionally features well-known porn stars, including Asa Akira and Rikki Six.

Rick's Cabaret New York RicksNewYork.com

This is one of New York City's largest, most upscale gentlemen's clubs, with four stories, a gourmet steak house, a VIP area with champagne suites, and a roof-deck cigar lounge and garden. The dancers are attractive and exotic, with many from Russia, South Korea, Brazil, and a host of other countries. But don't worry—they all speak English. And if the conversation breaks down, they can fall back on body language.



STRIP SEARCH

Are apps that claim they'll help you find strip clubs a big tease?

By Joe Diamond

With all the useless time-sucking apps out there, it's good to know there's a growing number that aim to provide a vital service: helping you find strip clubs. The good news is, most of them come in free versions. The bad news is, some info is out of date or, at best, skimpy, and if you rely on them to lead you to quality entertainment in unfamiliar territory, you may end up in a deserted warehouse (or worse). To evaluate these apps, I came up with a simple test. I checked data for three of the better—and better-known—gentleman's clubs in my home base of New York City: the Penthouse Executive Club, Rick's Cabaret New York, and Sapphire New York. My thinking was, if an app doesn't find three of the biggest strip clubs in one of the nation's biggest cities, it can't be trusted to hit the mark in other locales. First, to put the usefulness of these specialized apps into perspective, let's look at two giants at aggregating data for everything under the sun, including strip clubs.

Google

I did a search for "strip clubs" on my Android phone, and Google generated a map of jiggle joints. Given the search engine's vast resources, I expected it to score perfectly on my test. To my surprise, it only nailed two out of three, Penthouse and Sapphire. (Searching "lap dance," however, did call forth Rick's Cabaret.) Where Google beat the specialized apps was in providing reviews for the clubs—from Zagat, where available, and from patrons.

Yelp

The free app (available for Android and iOS) from the online-guide experts sets the bar high, and just might be the best single source for zeroing in on strip clubs on your phone or tablet. The app located all three clubs on its map, providing detailed entries and more than a dozen reviews for each place. But even Yelp wasn't infallible. When searching the map, I had to tap "redo search in this area" several times before I got all three establishments to appear.

THE APPS

The Grind

Free; Android and iOS

While more than one app got the Penthouse listing right and Rick's Cabaret and Sapphire wrong, this one inverted the results, correctly identifying the latter two and omitting the former. The Grind allows for user reviews, but there weren't any yet for the clubs in question.

Naughty Cities

Free; available for Android and iOS

This gave accurate information for the Penthouse Executive Club, including hours of operation and the nearest subway. It had no listings for Rick's Cabaret or Sapphire. It did, however, have a listing for Sapphire's predecessor, Scores, which shut down several years ago.

Strip Club Locator

Free ad-supported version; non-ad version: \$1.99; Android only

This at least indicated that Scores is closed, but it had no info on Sapphire. Penthouse and Rick's Cabaret fared better, with updated entries on each, although both of these clubs mysteriously vanished from the map on subsequent visits. You might want to take notes as you search.





StripPal

Free; Android and iOS

Like Naughty Cities, StripPal identified Sapphire as the defunct Scores. It fell into a similar time warp for Rick's Cabaret, mislabeling it as the building's former occupant, Paradise Club. The app got the Penthouse listing right, though. But while users have an option to leave reviews, there weren't any. The lack of reviews underscores a chicken-and-egg problem for these kinds of apps: With a large-enough user base, StripPal and its brethren can benefit from a steady stream of user-generated reviews and feedback that can help the developers update the data on their app. But without enough reliable content to start with, how do you attract that critical mass of users?

Worldwide Strip Club Finder

\$2.99; Android

This had accurate listings for all three establishments, but didn't provide many details beyond addresses, phone numbers, and that the clubs are topless. None of the clubs had user reviews.

Xtreme 411


Free; Android and iOS

I found correct information for all three of the clubs in my test group, but it was mostly limited to addresses and phone numbers. This app has got a long way to go to meet its developer's description, which promises details on everything from "whether [the clubs] are BYOB or Full Liquor, Cover Charges, Weekly and Monthly Specials, Food Menus, and Monthly Happenings."

ON THE WEB

The Ultimate Strip Club List

TUSCL.net

This is not an app, but a long-running website that lets you select a state, then drill down to clubs that are arranged by city. Despite the lack of GPS-driven maps that can home in on clubs in your proximity, the site's accurate data and wealth of information put the apps to shame. The New York City page linked to current information on the three clubs in my test group. Individual club pages linked to their address maps and websites. In addition, club pages provided summaries of patrons' reviews and recommendations, showing you at a glance how many people rated them on a five-point scale, from excellent to terrible. Full reviews are available to paying VIP members, or you can write a review yourself and earn a free four-week VIP membership. 



ROOM WITH SOME ZOOM

BMW sexes up the wagon. • By Bill Heald



SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Five-door wagon
Engine	Two-liter turbocharged inline four
Power	241 horsepower
Torque	258 foot-pounds
Transmission	Eight-speed automatic
Front tires	225/45 R18
Rear tires	225/45 R18
Curb weight	3,780 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60	Six seconds
Top speed	130 mph
Fuel	15.8 gallons
EPA mpg	22 city/33 highway
Base price	\$41,450; as tested: \$55,900


In a perfect world you'd have a massive garage with a dozen vehicles, and a team of supermodels to keep them perfectly maintained. That way you'd have the ideal conveyance on call for whatever you

required, whether you were looking to tear up some mountain switchbacks, hit the slopes for some winter sports, or haul your main squeeze's Ming vase to the appraiser. But as we all know, the world is rarely perfect, so it's best to get a machine that can hit all the main points in your transportation-needs department, while still delivering a stimulating driving experience. May we suggest something in an all-wheel-drive sports wagon, such as the BMW 328i xDrive?

Built on the compact/midsize 3 Series chassis, the 328i xDrive Sports Wagon benefits from near-ideal sizing—big enough to be roomy yet small enough to snake through traffic, park anywhere, and even deliver decent fuel economy. The modest dimensions and light weight allow the use of a smaller displacement inline-four engine, but before you Bimmerphiles panic that there's not real BMW power under the hood, relax. In keeping with a very popular trend in the automotive world, this smallish engine is boosted through turbocharging and the kitten is actually a jungle predator. BMW calls this its TwinPower Turbo technology, which is a trifle misleading. When you see "twin" associated with "turbo," you naturally assume there are two of them—like with V-6 and

V-8 engines where each cylinder bank gets its own turbocharger. In this case, though, there's just one turbocharger, and the twin means it's a twin-scroll unit. BMW explains it this way: "The exhaust stream from cylinders 1 and 4, and the exhaust stream from cylinders 2 and 3, follow separate spiral-shaped paths to the turbine wheel. This reduces exhaust back-pressure at low engine rpm, allowing the energy of the exhaust-gas pulses to be utilized as efficiently as possible. The result is instant throttle response and fast-revving performance which BMW drivers can instantly translate into driving pleasure."

Allow us to further instantly translate: The response when you punch it is quite satisfying, and belies the small size of the engine that powers this vehicle. There's almost no turbo lag, either, and the eight-speed transmission utilizes the right ratio for pretty much any driving scenario. The xDrive all-wheel-drive system rockets you to the slopes with ease, and with the rear seats folded you and your partner can toss in enough snowboards, skis, and snowball repellent to make for a superb vacation. The versatility of having this as opposed to a sedan will have you converted after the first trip, especially since you sacrifice basically nothing in performance.

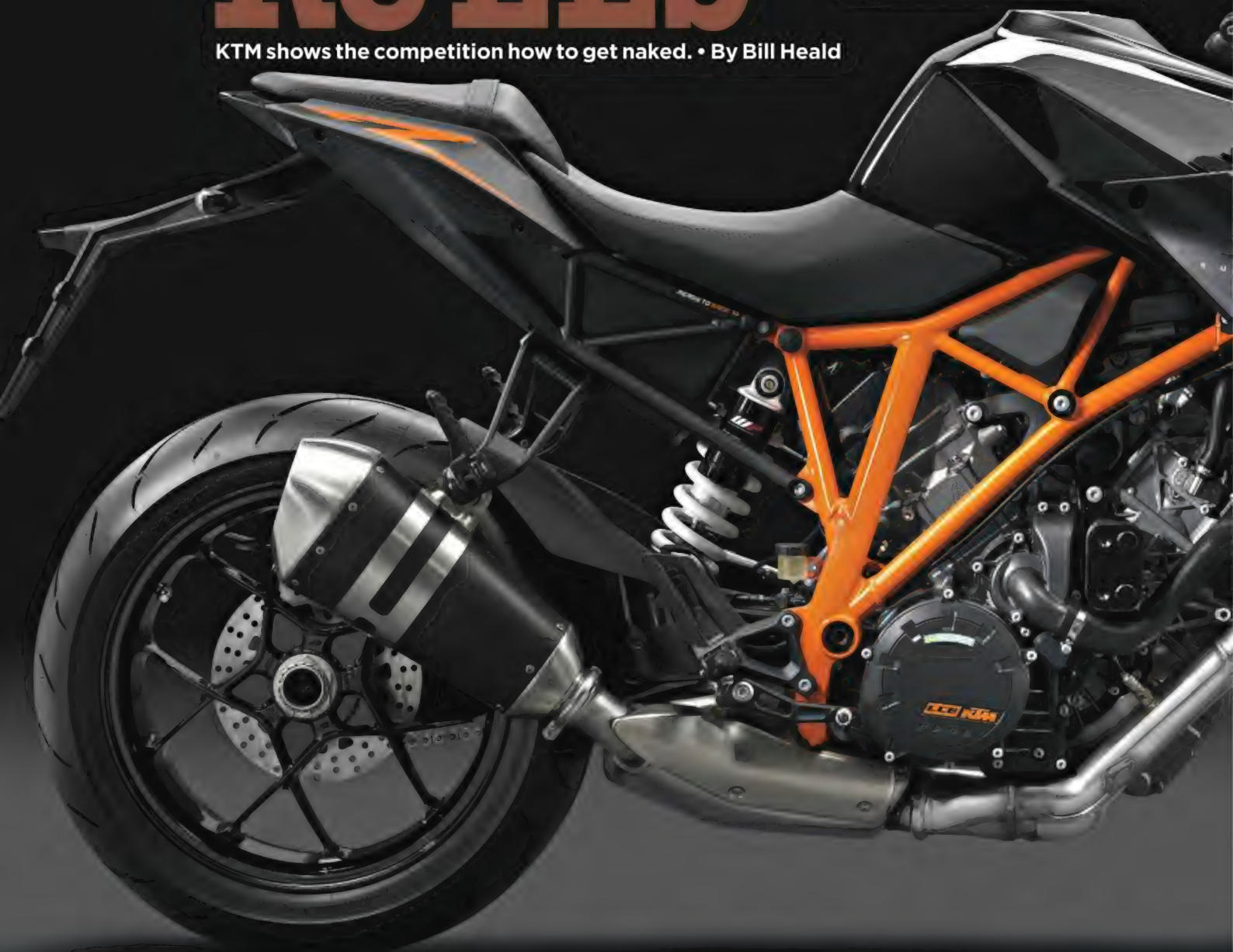
To further the allure of the Sports Wagon, BMW makes available some of the trickiest new electronics found in the known universe, including side- and top-view cameras, a sophisticated navigation system (with touchpad, of course), and the best instrument displays out there. The engineers have achieved the perfect mix of traditional analog and high-tech graphics to create a dynamic cockpit, and our Luxury Line model (the three other trim lines are Sport, Modern, and M Sport) featured anthracite wood trim and other elegant touches. Fine coachwork is as synonymous with BMW as performance is, so the feeling is sporting upscale even though this is a wagon. And ultimately, the wagon architecture is what makes this BMW such a hot property. The sculpted lines are fitting raiment for the performance and technology within, and it's a sporting ride that can complement any active lifestyle. 

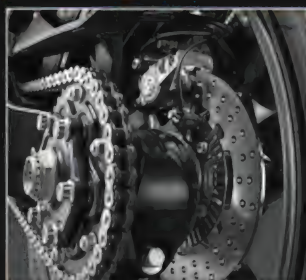


THE DUKE RULES

KTM shows the competition how to get naked. • By Bill Heald

If you're a street-bike aficionado, you might not be up to speed with the Austrian manufacturer KTM. It's a familiar name among the dirt-bike set, though, as KTM has been a participant in off-road racing going back to when the company launched motorcycle production in the early 1950s. These stout mounts have had a reputation for innovation, durability, and solid engineering, and much more recently KTM entered the pavement realm (both on the street and at the racetrack) with some very aggressive, competitive machinery.






In case you think the engineering-oriented Austrians tend to land on the function-over-form side, though, be prepared to be dazzled on both fronts. The 1290 Super Duke R is a radically styled “naked” high-performance street bike, guaranteed to turn heads as effectively as it turns the stomachs of riders trying to keep up with it. Armed with a 1290 cc, V-twin engine, the Super Duke R calls on KTM’s extensive racing experience and uses its own RC8 superbike engine to serve as the basis for this new mill. The engineers have managed to increase the V-twin’s “elasticity” (meaning all-around engine response), even though it develops Hulk-like levels of peak muscle (a claimed 180 horsepower, in

fact). To help keep you on the straight and level, the R has MTC (Motorcycle Traction Control) that works with lean-angle sensors to help prevent the rear tire from breaking traction and spoiling your day, especially when cornering.

All this hooligan horsepower is wrapped in a stylish chrome-molybdenum-steel trellis frame that is as light as it is strong, and naturally (this is a Duke after all) top-shelf suspension components are used, with full adjustability to tailor the response to the rider’s skill-comfort preference. An aluminum single-sided swing arm is not only attractive, but facilitates easy rear-wheel changing. The upright riding position is one of the reasons naked bikes have become so popular, for whether you’re blasting down twisty backroads or droning along (very quickly) on the interstate, the ergonomics will suit. Oh, and it should be noted that such a splendid chassis wouldn’t be whole without outstanding brakes, and KTM has outfitted the Super Duke R with Brembo’s best, including ABS that has a “Supersmoto” mode that lets you lock the rear wheel, and is also cancelable for those wanting full manual braking control.

KTM may not be a familiar name to everybody in the street-bike world, but a beast like the Super Duke R arrives with the subtlety of Schwarzenegger breaking down the door. It’s big, bad, and boisterous—everything a naked superbike should be. 

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled, 75-degree V-twin
Bore x stroke	108mm x 71mm
Displacement	1,301 cc
Fuel system	Kelhin electronic fuel injection
Ignition	Kelhin electronic management system
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	48mm male slider forks, fully adjustable
Rear suspension	Monoshock, preload adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 320mm discs, cancelable ABS
Rear brake	Single 240mm disc, cancelable ABS
Front tire	120/70-ZR17
Rear tire	190/55-ZR17
Fuel tank	4.75-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	58.3 inches
Seat height	32.9 inches
Curb weight	417 pounds
Base price	\$16,999

YOU FIRST

Treat yourself on Valentine's Day with self-serving gadgets.

By Crispin Boyer

■ TheQ Camera

TheQ • \$199

If they hope to compete with smartphone cameras, point-and-shoots have to do more than just point and shoot. This one delivers, automatically uploading every photo to your social network of choice (provided you supply a SIM card and a 3G subscription). The oversize lens takes wide-angle shots, and nine filters should make your inner hipster happy, although they might annoy photo purists. A unique ring-shaped flash makes for warm, evenly lit shots, while also working as a countdown timer and low-battery warning. And although the sturdy little TheQ looks like a toy, it's waterproof to one meter.



■ Lumia 2520

Nokia • \$499, plus \$149 for the keyboard

You can buy Nokia's first Windows tablet with a clear conscience for two reasons: One, it's the cheaper—and slightly more powerful—alternative to Microsoft's Surface 2 hybrid tablet. Two, it's powered by Windows RT 8.1 operating system. While that OS's time hasn't quite come, it's still the ideal system for anyone who splits his day between play (games and movies) and getting shit done (Windows' suite of productivity software). The 10.1-inch high-def display offers outstanding outdoor readability in bright sunlight, while a 6.7-megapixel camera equipped with Zeiss optics takes stunning photos even in low light. Wi-Fi and 4G LTE (subscription required) compatibility keeps you connected on the go. The sold-separately Power Keyboard completes the package, adding two USB ports and five bonus hours of battery life.



■ Air³ wireless HD adapter

DVDO • \$200

Today's ultrathin, ultrasharp, ultrahuge HDTVs are like glass slabs of high-tech art, so it's a shame to mount them above unsightly coils of A/V cable snaking from your entertainment center. Hiding the cords in the drywall neatens things up, but it makes adding components or changing configurations tricky. The Air³ offers a cleaner solution. It consists of a transmitter and a receiver, and links any HDMI source (Blu-ray player, cable box, laptop, game console) to your TV wirelessly at a range of just over 30 feet. The 60-gigahertz signal provides full bandwidth for uncompressed 1,080p video—including 3-D—with 7.1 surround sound. The high frequency won't interfere with all your other wireless toys, either.



■ BeardTrimmer 9000

Philips Norelco • \$90

This rechargeable trimmer represents state-of-the-art manscaping technology, projecting a laser guide on your face to help you sculpt symmetrical facial-hair formations. Light show aside, the 9000 is a feature-packed shaver for home and travel. A small wheel dials in 17 length settings, down to $\frac{1}{64}$ of an inch for laser-precision stubble. Dual reversible blades (a wider skin-friendly blade and a narrow detail trimmer) add versatility without having to change the tips. The battery delivers an hour of shaving, and the entire trimmer is water-resistant and oil-free, for easy cleanup under the faucet.



■ ION Glasses

ION Glasses • \$129

When it comes to deciding on a pair of smart glasses, more features come with a fashion decision: Would you rather resemble a Borg or a Brooklynite? The ION Glasses fit the latter look. They don't feature a built-in phone, camera, or voice-recognition system like the Tony Stark-ish Google Glass glasses; instead, these prescription-ready specs connect to and complement your Apple or Android smartphone via a low-energy Bluetooth link. A tiny LED inset in the frame glows customizable colors to alert you of incoming calls, emails, appointments, social-network updates, battery status, and more. Two buttons on the temple can be programmed to trigger a variety of smartphone functions, from the camera shutter to changing songs on a playlist. An alarm sounds if your phone slips out of a set range, and a "radar" app helps you find your glasses if you leave them at the bar.



■ Nest Protect

Nest • \$129

The nifty Nest learning thermostat saved users money by cutting down on utility bills. The Nest Protect, a follow-up "smart home" device from the same company, might save your life. The Protect combines a smoke alarm and a carbon-monoxide detector, and it does away with the shrill alarms and low-battery chirps of the old-school plastic disks. It's bristling with sensors that enable it to detect the difference between burning toast and a five-alarm fire, then alert you to any safety issues in a calm, comforting voice—which you can deactivate with a wave of your hand. Install multiple Protects in your house and they'll communicate via Wi-Fi to report issues in any room. A circular light glows to indicate danger levels—and acts as a night light when it senses you stumbling toward the bathroom at midnight.

■ ShutterBall

Audiovox • \$25

If most of your portraits are taken from slightly above, lips puckered, with your arm extending into the frame, consider this an intervention: "Selfies" by guys are officially considered a symptom of douche-baggery. The ShutterBall can fix this social-networking faux pas. It's a rubber ball that links to your Apple or Android smartphone via a low-energy Bluetooth signal. Squeezing the ball triggers your device's camera for still shots or video from up to 60 feet away. It includes a stand so you don't have to balance your phone precariously while you frame the perfect solo or group shot. And while the ShutterBall lets you take selfies in secret, it does nothing to fix flexed biceps or duck lips. Shoot responsibly. 



FANTASY FULFILLMENT

Our twenty-first-century rogue explains why some fantasies should stay in the spunk bank.

Illustration by Celia Calle




I am a straight guy in my mid-twenties, and I've been dating a woman for about three months. One night, right after a marathon sex session, she asked about my sexual fantasies. I mentioned that I often fantasize about female superheroes. She thought that was pretty kinky but intriguing, and suggested our Valentine's Day festivities involve roleplay. She wants to dress up like the sexy superhero of my choosing.

Sounds great, right? But for me it's not about real-life women in costumes. I'm sexually aroused by the actual drawings of Wonder Woman and Jean Grey. I've rubbed it out to comic-book chicks countless times, especially when I was younger. I think it's because right around the time I discovered the joys of jerking it, my mother, an incredibly religious woman, found a porn videotape in my oldest brother's closet and went ape-shit. Porn was forbidden, and anyone found with smut of any kind would pay dearly. From that day forward, it was nothing but comic-book-inspired cock-tugging for me.

I'm sure my girlfriend poured into a slutty superhero suit will get my bat signal up, but I'm wondering if I should explain my fetish more clearly or just leave well enough alone.

I have heard people blame many issues (real or imagined) on their mother, but it's hilarious to propose that you like to drop your utility belt and beat it to pen-and-ink-drawn women in comic books because of your mother's antiporn edict. You think your brother didn't have smut in the house the next day? You think Mom found his entire stash? You probably also believe a pair of glasses kept people from recognizing that a newspaper reporter was the Man of Steel.

There isn't any shame in getting turned on by comic-book women. They tend to be flawless, with big tits and gorgeous curves, and sport hair and makeup that make them look like when they aren't saving the asses of the innocent they're strutting their stuff as models. The real issue at hand is, if you tell your girlfriend you beat off to comic books, now the simple act of sitting down to read your favorite titles will be a little awkward when she's around. You're just catching up on the latest adventures, but she's thinking, *When I turn my head, he's going to sneak into the bathroom and drop a load on Betty and Veronica.*

Let her think you're into superhero dress-up. Consider the cartoon fetish part of your secret identity. 



THE POUR HOUSE

COLD COMFORT

Once relegated to shot glasses or—gag—Cosmos, vodka has a spirited new look.

By Joshua M. Bernstein



Back in 1996, spirits impresario Sidney Frank's epiphany forever altered the fortunes of clubs, both strip and otherwise.

It would not be the first time. In the 1980s, Frank won the lottery, so to speak, by marketing the pungent German digestif Jägermeister as a party-hearty elixir. Then he sought to capture lightning in a (vodka) bottle.

At the time, the category was lousy with low-budget brands that could double as battlefield antiseptic. The high-end was Absolut, which had parlayed an artsy ad campaign into high-volume sales despite, or perhaps due to, its high price: around \$18 a bottle. Who would pay that much for vodka? Frank asked a different question: Who would pay more? Frank cooked up Grey Goose, a superpremium French vodka that sold for more than \$30 a bottle, a price so synonymous with luxury that the *Sex and the City* ladies called for it in their Cosmos.

What made Grey Goose different? Marketing. A distilled spirit typically concocted from wheat, corn, rye, potatoes, or perhaps sugar water, vodka is lauded for its see-through looks, neutral taste, and innocuous aroma. It's no wonder that the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms, and Explosives defines vodka as being "without distinctive character, aroma, taste, or color." Vodka is merely a highly efficient highway to intoxication.

That highway is finally getting repaved. Distilleries are thinking outside the clear box, crafting complex vodkas that are best suited for sipping, not shooting or mixing

with Coke. In New York's bucolic Hudson Valley, Tuthilltown's Indigenous Vodka is made with loads of locally grown apples, while Maine's Cold River Vodka makes its namesake spirit with potatoes that are grown on its own farm. (Leopold Bros.' potato-fueled Silver Tree is also particularly exemplary.) Sick of artificially flavored vodkas that are supposed to evoke cotton candy, s'mores, or even bubble gum? The rebuttal is Hangar 1 and Charbay, which use fresh-picked fruit to flavor their vodkas.

"It took a customer begging for us to finally say okay to bottling a clear vodka," says Charbay co-owner Susan Karakasevic. "Now it's one of our top sellers. It's a long ways away from tasteless!" (Oftentimes, vodka is tasteless because it's served ice-cold; freezer temperatures mute aromas and flavors. But it's served cold for a good reason: warm, cheap vodka does little to titillate taste buds.)

Bars across the country have taken note. At Seattle's Barça, you'll find a dedicated vodka bar where you can slowly sip your way through several dozen varieties, while St. Louis's Sub Zero Vodka Bar pours more than 500 international vodkas, including selections from Kazakhstan and Argentina. Boston's Hawthorne makes the refreshing Phil Collins with Yellow Chartreuse and cucumber vodka, and New York City's renowned cocktail den PDT unveiled its first-ever vodka cocktail: the savory Gold Coast. It unites dill, black-pepper essence, and a sweet Scandinavian liqueur with Karlsson's Gold potato vodka.

We can see clearly now that vodka will never again be the same.

FIVE TO TRY

Hangar 1 Kaffir Lime

The Bay Area's Hangar 1 begins with a blend of grape eau-de-vie and a smooth, wheat-driven clear spirit. The lightly fruity liquor is then infused with kaffir limes and their leaves, resulting in a citrusy, exotic elixir with notes of cucumber and white pepper.

Tuthilltown Indigenous Vodka

"Apple vodka" often means candy-green hooch that drinks like a liquefied Jolly Rancher. Not so this New York spirit, which contains fresh apples (up to 80 per bottle) that are crushed into cider, fermented, and then run through a copper pot still. The result: an apple orchard distilled to its essence.

Anchor Distilling Hophead Hop Vodka

Anchor infuses Hophead with several varieties of Pacific Northwest hops, creating a vodka that drinks fresh and grassy, with a light floral edge and no bitterness. Try it in a Bloody Mary or sip Hophead alongside your favorite IPA.

Charbay Ruby Red Grapefruit Vodka

At California's Charbay, dad-son duo Miles and Marko Karakasevic concoct sublime whiskeys and vodkas from rye and corn. For this variant, Texas grapefruits' flavor and color are extracted over six months, resulting in a zingy citric expression.

Karlsson's Gold Vodka

To devise this gently vegetal vodka, Sweden's Karlsson's distills seven varieties of skinless "virgin" potatoes just once, resulting in a buttery, full-bodied spirit that'll make for one winning Martini—or sip it straight with a crack of black pepper.



american girl

Our cover model, 36-26-44 Maddy O'Reilly, is a onetime art student from Mount Airy, North Carolina, who dreams of being a photographer for *National Geographic*. She says, "It would be amazing to travel to off-the-map places and create art." That *is* a worthy goal, but we'd much rather keep the 23-year-old porn star in front of the camera.

Photographs by Cisco Lamessi and Carlos Manson





"I'm happy with my success so far as an adult actress and model—although this *Penthouse* cover is certainly a high point!—and I love being around so many like-minded people who pass zero judgment on me for loving sex as much as I do."




"I had insane chemistry with this guy, and we sexted for a while. When we finally met up, he teased every inch of my body. I was so worked up that when we finally fucked, neither of us lasted long."









"I'm definitely adventurous, as I do things on a regular basis that most girls never even dream of, but I didn't get into the industry to get famous. I just want to be known as a good fuck."



"I think I have one really unique quality:
the ability to be the filthiest girl you have ever met
and still be able to get your parents' approval."

SEE MORE OF MADDY AT PENTHOUSE.COM.





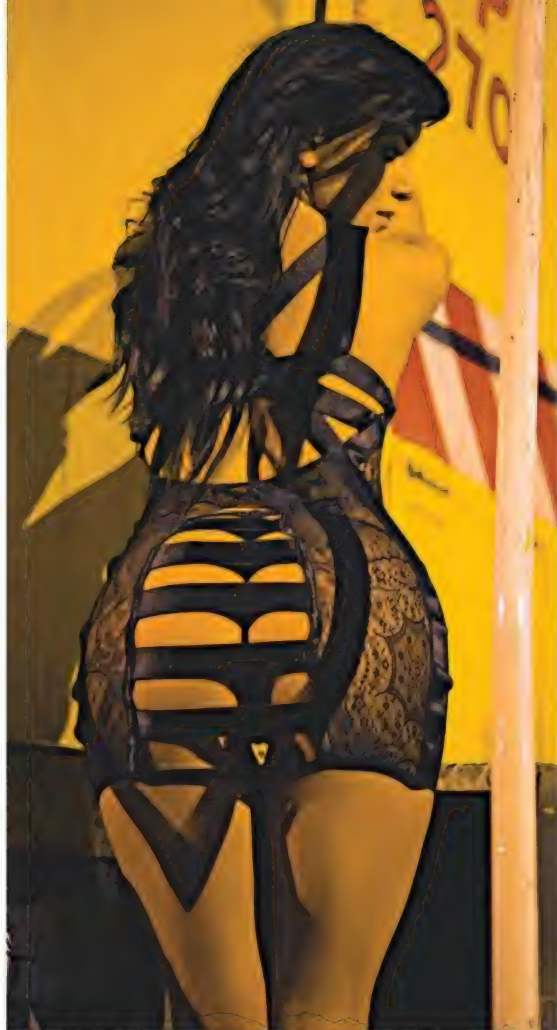
Sweet & Sassy

Forget sugar and spice. We think girls should be all about sex and sizzle. And while there's no downside to photos of a scantily clad hot young thing, Penthouse Pets in lacy, see-through lingerie take things to a whole new level. Our friends at PenthouseStore.com hooked us up with these sweet treats for your viewing pleasure. Visit the site yourself to check out dozens of additional options.

Photographs by Cisco Lamessi

Jenna Rose in a crochet baby doll with lace-up details, from *G World Intimates* (\$27).





Top left: Jenna Rose in a lace chemise with back-strap detailing and matching G-string, from Oh La La Cherie (\$40). Bottom left: Allie Haze in an off-the-shoulder lace minidress with open-glove sleeves and matching G-string, from Fantasy Lingerie (\$27). Above: Ava Adams in a three-piece set of lace bra, peek-a-boo panty, and leg garter, from Oh La La Cherie (\$30). Right: Lexi Belle in a baby doll with lace-up back and matching G-string, from Oh La La Cherie (\$22).







Opposite page, left: Capri Cavanni in a cutout floral stretch-lace bra-and-panty set, from Fantasy Lingerie (\$22). Opposite page, right: Jenna Rose in a lace-and-mesh teddy with rhinestone embellishments, from G World Intimates (\$26). Above: Lexi Belle in a ruffled stretch-lace bralette-and-panty set, from Fantasy Lingerie (\$30). Right: Allie Haze in an open-front strappy baby doll with mesh back, from Oh La La Cherie (\$22). ㊦

THE WRITER STUFF

They say you should write what you know, so it should come as no surprise that veterans are flocking to workshops to learn how to put their war stories down on paper.

By Jennifer Peters

In the past couple of years, I've struggled more and more with my post-traumatic stress," says National Guardsman Geoff Millard. "It's gotten worse, not better, mostly because I don't get much treatment for it, so I started writing a couple of years ago just to get things out and deal with them." Millard, who spent 13 months serving in Iraq, isn't alone in his literary pursuits. Young men and women returning from Iraq and Afghanistan have increasingly

turned to the arts as a way to express themselves, share their stories, and heal from the traumatic experiences of war. A number of them have turned to Warrior Writers to help them develop their stories.

The group was founded in 2007 by Lovella Calica, a writer and artist who had long been a veterans' advocate, though she herself is not a vet. The idea came to her after she shared some of her own work with friends in the veterans' community. "I asked, 'Do you guys write? Do you have any poems?' And of course they said yes," she recalls. "Sitting there, listening to their stories and poems, I was just blown away. I was in awe of them. I knew I couldn't be the only one to hear them.

"This is the reality of our generation," she adds. "This is what's going on in their world, and in our world, and people have to hear about it."

Calica started with a handful of veterans and a single workshop, and the project grew from there. Calica and the writers almost immediately made plans to put out a book, host a release party, and stage a reading and art exhibition. But it wasn't the promise of publication that drew in members. Rather, it was the community.

"We're looking for like-minded people who understand what we've been through," explains Jenny Pacanowski, a former Army medic. "But it's more than that, too. We all understand what it was like 'over there.'"

Pacanowski has been a member of Warrior Writers from the beginning, though she didn't start as a willing participant: "They had a retreat in Martha's Vineyard, and my mother drove me to the retreat and dropped me off. I was isolating [myself] at the time, and my mother said, 'Here, this is going to be good for you.' All I could think was, *I hate these people. I don't want to be near anybody, and I don't want to talk about anything.*" She admits that she had more trouble than most, taking up drinking, hiding out in her house, and losing a series of jobs. But writing helped her get back into the swing of things and find

something she was passionate about.

"Not only is writing healing," Pacanowski says, "but it gives us an outlet to communicate with the community and to possibly make a career of it. I didn't even realize it until one night before a performance, when we were in the dressing room, and I said, 'Wait a minute. We're poets. I'm no longer a soldier, I'm a poet.' It was a crazy realization."

While it took Pacanowski time to consider herself an artist, other members joined Warrior Writers because they think of themselves as writers first and warriors second. By the time WW started, Army sniper Garrett Reppenhagen was already a veteran poet. In 2006, the Bouncing Souls, a New Jersey punk band, turned the vet's poem "Letter From Iraq" into a song of the same name. "I was already writing and expressing myself in that way," Reppenhagen tells us. "But as things became more and more difficult in Iraq and I got into more combat situations, it just kind of turned into poetry sometimes. You can take a notebook and pen anywhere, even on missions, and continue to write."

For Reppenhagen, writing has allowed him to connect with people in a deeper, more meaningful fashion, and has given him a chance to get his story heard by people who might not otherwise listen. "I've spoken publicly



Geoff Millard



Jenny Pacanowski



Garrett Reppenhagen

"It's good for people to understand what vets are going through. You can't just say 'Thank you for your service' and leave it at that."


and in large settings, and you see people's eyes gloss over sometimes when you're giving an account of what happened in Iraq or sharing your personal feelings," he says. "But anytime I've read my poetry in front of an audience, it seems like everybody is captivated and it draws them in. It's more emotionally charged."

Being able to connect is part of the mission for Warrior Writers. The organization aims to engage the greater civilian community in a conversation about war and about veterans' issues, via books and its website. "I think it's good for community members to understand what vets are going through, how they can help, and that it's something people should be talking about," says Army vet Kevin Basl. "You can't just say 'Thank you for your service' and leave it at that. There should be a conversation going on about what this country is doing with its military."

Basl joined the Army after completing a bachelor's degree in journalism, and after finishing his service, he got a master's of fine arts in fiction writing. But Warrior Writers takes a different approach to writing than Basl's undergrad or graduate courses. "It's more about the raw material that floats around in your head and the visceral feelings that remain," he says. "People are trying to connect their experiences to what you're writing about; they're trying to support you. When you write something down and maybe read it aloud, it breaks down that barrier of awkwardness that exists when you

have a conversation."

What the veteran authors, artists, and poets really want is understanding, both of their individual experiences and of the culture of war as a whole. "It's important that the people in our society hear our words and are able to try to digest what the veteran experience was, and what war is, and what the military is," Reppenhagen tells us. "If more and more of my era of veterans would write and share their experiences, I think future generations will benefit from it. They'll have a better understanding of what the experience of war was."

Pacanowski, who now runs her own branch of the Warrior Writers program in Ithaca, New York, sees it as her duty to keep writing. "There are so many people in the community who don't even know there's a war going on," she says. "So I guess I feel it's my responsibility, since I can speak and I can write, to share it with them. It's not that I want people to hurt like I hurt, but I want them to understand that war isn't just running around and shooting the bad guys. It has other lasting effects on us. We come home and we don't want to be asked, 'Was it hot?' or 'Did you shoot anyone?' I guess we just want a little compassion, a little sensitivity, some understanding, and, above all, just for people to listen." 

For more information on Warrior Writers and its members, or to buy copies of the group's anthologies, visit WarriorWriters.org.

Fightin' Words

You don't have to go to war to understand vets' struggles. These men and women who did give you the full story.

Chasing Ghosts: Failures and Facades in Iraq: A Soldier's Perspective

By Paul Rieckhoff

Before founding Iraq and Afghanistan Veterans of America, Rieckhoff was an army grunt who spent a year in Baghdad. His critically acclaimed memoir allows readers to experience deployment without leaving home.

My Share of the Task: A Memoir

By General Stanley McChrystal, U.S. Army, retired

While this four-star general's book is heavy on policy, he gives the wartime bureaucracy a human face, and even maintains his sense of humor while explaining the grueling process of cutting through red tape.

The Yellow Birds

By Kevin Powers

The author spent a year as a machine gunner in Iraq before writing this powerful novel, which tells the harrowing tale of two young soldiers, and the war that drove them together before tearing them apart.


Fire and Forget: Short Stories From the Long War

Edited by Matt Gallagher and Roy Scranton

The 15 works of fiction in this collection are powerful, poignant, and at times painful tales of the truths of war, written by men and women who were there—and one wife who was left behind.

An Angel From Hell: Real Life on the Front Lines

By Ryan A. Conklin

Conklin became the MTV generation's poster boy for war after appearing on *The Real World*, but his humor and intelligence come through best in his writing. His is a story that will make the war, foreign to so many, not only understandable, but relatable. 





no secrets

Victoria Lynn may be only 18, but she's poised to take the world by storm. "I'm focused on modeling for now," she says. "I love that I get paid to do something I'd enjoy doing anyway: taking pictures naked."

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker



"I would love to go to Amsterdam, because you can go to coffee shops and relax and order your pot straight off a menu. It's definitely a stoner's paradise, and I love coffee, so it would work out well."







“The most exciting place I’ve had sex is on an airplane. I joined the Mile-High Club the very first time I flew. Hands down, that’s the wildest location—so far.”









“The biggest turn-on for me is if the same man who is sensual and romantic both in and out of bed can fuck me like an animal when I want it that way.”



♀ VICTORIA LYNN
FEBRUARY 2014 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE BIG RP









"While we're fucking, pull my hair, bite my neck, smack my ass, talk dirty to me. Sometimes I like it rough, so don't be a little bitch. If I wanted that, I'd be with a woman."



✦ VICTORIA LYNN
FEBRUARY 2014 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





Vital stats:

32D-26-34; 5'0"

18 years old

Hometown:

Virginia Beach, Virginia.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:

Everybody knows everybody, and we all party and go to the beach. And no matter what, it's home.

What do you like to do in your spare time?

I go to the beach, go shopping ... oh, and baking is my passion.

Favorite foods:

French fries, coconut shrimp.

Favorite drink:

Sweet tea.

Favorite kinds of music:

Hip-hop, reggae, rock.

Favorite sports:

Football and Ultimate Fighting Championship.

Favorite TV shows:

Sons of Anarchy, Ink Master, Naked and Afraid, Family Guy.

Favorite movies:

Scarface, Friday, Get Rich or Die Tryin', 8 Mile.

What's the hottest movie sex scene?

No doubt *Mr. & Mrs. Smith*, after that epic fight. I love the idea of beating each other's ass, then having crazy make-up sex.

What's the biggest risk you've ever taken?

The biggest risk *anyone* can take is fucking someone new without a condom. STDs, ghosts, and getting arrested are my biggest fears.

What do you have that other girls don't?

I joke that I have the best package available. Pretty face, bangin' body, good personality, brains.... And I cook and clean. Doesn't get much better than that.

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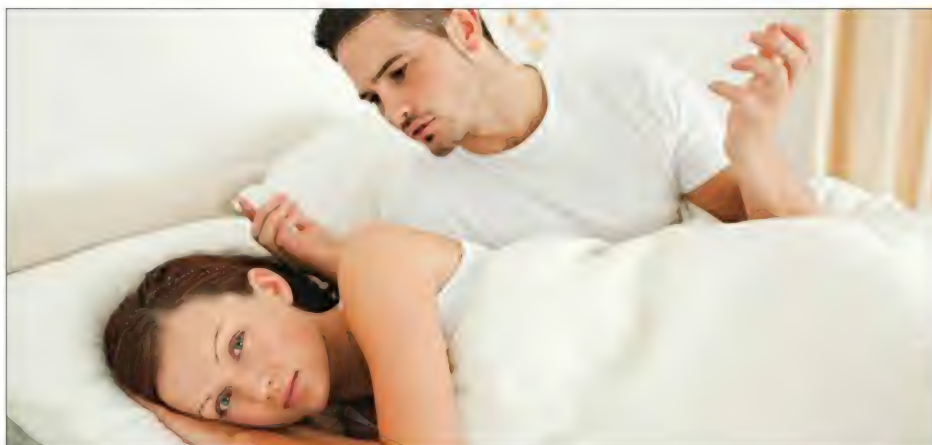
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SLEEPLESS NIGHTS—NOT IN A GOOD WAY

A recent study has concluded that just one night of sleep deprivation can cause a man to imagine a woman is ready to dive into the sack, even when it's the furthest thing from her mind.

By Amos Moses



A

study done at Hendrix College in Arkansas and published online by the American Academy of Sleep Medicine tested 60 college students of both sexes. Well-rested subjects rated women's "sexual intent and interest" as lower than that of men. Male subjects who were tested after a night of sleep deprivation, however, rated women's sexual interest significantly higher.

Lack of sleep can result in poor judgment, impaired decision making, and problems with impulse control, just as alcohol does.

The researchers' explanation: Lack of sleep inhibits the functioning of the brain's frontal lobes, just as alcohol does. This can result in poor judgment, impaired decision making, and problems with impulse control. So, they reason, it could cause you to overestimate a partner's sexual interest, and maybe even act on that misperception, with potentially unhappy results for both sexes. "Poor decision making ... can lead to problems such as sexual harassment, unplanned pregnancy, sexually transmitted diseases, and relationship conflicts," says Jennifer Peszka, coprincipal investigator responsible for the study.

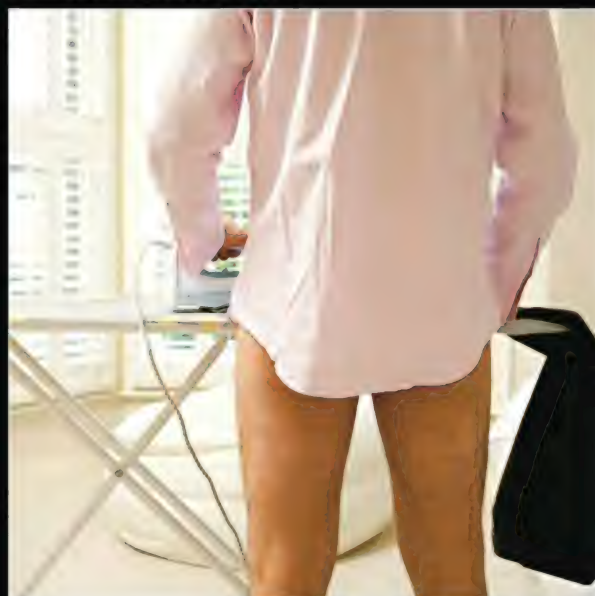
Sexual harassment, sure, no argument. But STDs? Unplanned pregnancy? The woman in question would have had to say yes for these consequences to occur. Which means the guy got it just right when he sized her up, sleep deprivation or no.

Still, just to be on the safe side, we'll be on our best behavior around the womenfolk when we're short on sleep.

In a 2008 interview with *Esquire*, when asked if he'd had cosmetic surgery, George Clooney joked, "I did get my balls done ... I got them unwrinkled. It's the new thing in Hollywood—ball ironing." And a collective lightbulb went off in the heads of cosmetic surgeons everywhere. Preying upon men who believe Stacy Keibler got with Clooney because his nads were silky smooth, surgeons invented a new procedure called "tackle tightening." The \$575 nonsurgical treatment uses lasers to remove hair, erase wrinkles, and correct discoloration on the scrotum. According to "Nurse Jamie," who added Tighten the Tackle to the list of services at her Santa Monica spa, Beauty Park, the procedure has been a raving success. Men, a word of advice—women generally don't notice your balls, as our eyes are often looking upward when we are in close proximity to them. You'll get way more chicks by ironing your shirts.

THANKS A LOT, CLOONEY

Some men are having their balls cosmetically altered. Who's to blame? George Clooney! • By Reverend Jen





CHURCH LADY By Reverend Jen

When one thinks of the Westboro Baptist Church, porn isn't the first thing that comes to mind. The group, which is headed by Fred Phelps—known for his slogan “God hates fags”—consists of about 40 people, many of them members of Phelps's family. It's important to point out that the group is *not* affiliated with any Baptist denomination, but rather is considered a hate group since it has protested at military funerals, several celebrity funerals, and public events—concerts, college games, etc.—where it has attempted to gain media attention.

Some sexy heathens are taking action against WBC via one of the most entertaining protests seen in years. Get Shot!, a California band that describes itself as the “sleaziest punk band in the world,” recently shot a porn film on the front lawn of the Westboro Baptist Church.

The film features bassist Laura Lush, totally naked and vigorously masturbating. In a press release she stated, “As a bisexual woman and the bass player of a ridiculous punk band, I wanted to spread my legs and cause controversy.” The video is a bit frenzied, as the band couldn't afford bail and had to cut it short before nearby cops showed up. This hardly mattered to someone from the church's IP address who (according to the band's Twitter account) spent 41 minutes on the band's website—much longer than the actual porn video.

Following the stunt, the band snagged a distribution deal with Monarchy and is working on a follow-up guerrilla shoot at a Chick-fil-A, another business known for antigay statements. The release will be packaged with additional erotic footage from the band and one of their albums.

SHE GOT SLIMED

By Nick Redfern

In August 2013, Huang Jianjun, a self-proclaimed “ghostbuster” in Guangzhou, China, took it upon himself to penetrate the world of the dead in a very strange fashion. It all began when he caught the attention of a gullible young woman named A Xin. It turns out that Miss Xin, also of Guangzhou, was hot for her employer. Unfortunately, the feeling was not mutual. Jianjun, however, claimed to Xin that his psychic skills could make her dreams of love come true—for a significant fee, of course (the equivalent of \$3,279). She quickly took him up on his offer.

When the pair met in a hotel room of Jianjun's choosing, he ordered Xin to strip and lie on the bed. Then, after having carefully investigated just about every inch of Xin's naked body, Jianjun announced that he had figured out the problem: Xin's pussy was filled with evil spirits that had nixed her plans to bed the boss. But there was a—*ahem*—light at the end of the tunnel.



If Xin would allow Jianjun to have sex with her, his cock could capture the ghosts and banish them back to the supernatural realm from which they had surfaced. Happens every day, right? Open-minded Xin was soon open-legged. Jianjun, mean-

while, wasted no time getting deep into the spirit of things.

It was only later that Xin began to suspect she had been taken for a ride—in more ways than one. She confessed all to the police, who soon had Jianjun in handcuffs. ☯

Coming-Out Party

Russia hosts the Winter Olympics for the first time, as the Games come to Sochi, on the shores of the Black Sea, from February 7 to 23.

By John Bolster

It's hard to believe, considering the country's rich history in winter sports, but Russia has never hosted the Winter Olympics—not even as the Soviet Union. The country gets its chance this February, when the Games come to the “Russian Riviera” city of Sochi, just across the Black Sea from Turkey. (The mountain events will take place in an alpine region 30 miles inland.)

Russian organizers, all the way up to President Vladimir Putin, are bear-hugging the event as a chance to show the world the new face of Russia. They built all of the venues from scratch, at a cost of roughly \$50 billion, and they're eager to showcase the unusual subtropical city of Sochi, where palm trees line the waterfront, yet alpine skiing is possible just a short train ride away—or so they hope.

Unfortunately for the host-nation honchos, that “new face” showed a few blemishes in the run-up to the Games. Human Rights Watch repeatedly condemned Russia's treatment of the thousands of migrant workers involved in the rush to construct the Olympic venues (a process also rife with corruption and kickbacks), and this past summer, disturbing scenes of Russian citizens beating gay activists at a rally in Saint Petersburg were beamed out to the world. These images were backed up by a series of antigay laws enacted by the Russian government during the summer. Finally, during an October 2013 UEFA Champions League soccer game in Moscow, fans abused a visiting Manchester City player with racist chants. (Oh, Russia is hosting the 2018 World Cup, too.)

All in all, it's not a good look for the host nation, but the Games will go on, of course, for better or worse. There are a dozen new events this year, a number of returning stars, some emerging ones, and several opportunities for athletes to make history. Let's take a look.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP TO BOTTOM) EPA/ALAMY, RICHARD HEATHCOTE/GETTY IMAGES, KAZUHIRO NOGI/GETTY IMAGES, (OPPOSITE PAGE, LEFT COLUMN) INA FASSBENDER/REUTERS/CORBIS, JOHN RUSSELL/GETTY IMAGES

Courting the Youth Vote

Sochi will feature 12 new events designed to lure younger viewers.

In an attempt to stave off creeping quaintness and irrelevancy, the venerable Winter Games have added a dozen shiny new competitions, some of which they lifted directly from the X Games:

Ski half-pipe (men and women): This is, quite simply, the half-pipe for two-plankers instead of snowboarders.

Ski slopestyle (men and women):

Skiers navigate a downhill course packed with rails and ramps. Judges evaluate tricks and overall style.

Snowboard slopestyle (men and women): See above, but swap out the skis for a snowboard, and picture Shaun White—five-time X Games champ in the event—winning yet another gold.

Snowboard special slalom (men and women): Two competitors race side-by-side down identical slopestyle courses (with identical obstacles). First one to the bottom wins.

Biathlon mixed relay: What's sexier than biathlon? How about coed biathlon? The two females on each four-person team complete 6-kilometer legs, and the two males complete 7.5-kilometer legs. With shooting, of course: one prone, one standing shot per athlete, with a 150-meter penalty lap for each miss.

Women's ski jumping: It's about time both genders got to risk life and limb by careening down a 122-meter hill and launching themselves off a ramp, hundreds of meters into the air.

Figure-skating team event: Competing countries submit their top scorer in each discipline—men's, ladies', pairs, dance.

Luge team relay: This looks like fun: After completing their leg of the relay, male and female sliders must slap touch pads suspended over the course to open gates for their teammates' subsequent relay legs.

Must-See TV

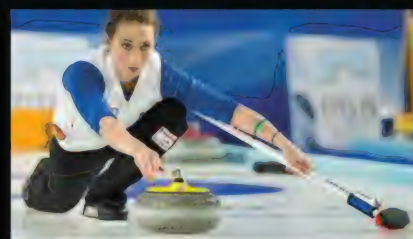
Five appointment-viewing Olympic events

There's an eight-hour time difference between Sochi and New York, and an 11-hour gap between the host city and the west coast of the United States. The setup is not ideal for East Coasters, and considerably less so for Californians, Oregonians, etc. But if you're dedicated, and have a functioning alarm clock, you can catch some great live TV.



Luge team relay; Thursday, February 13, 11:15 A.M. ET

You'll want to get a load of this funky new sled sport, conducted at high speeds through relay gates and dominated by—you guessed it—Germans (above, in their rainbow uniforms).



Women's curling gold-medal game; Thursday, February 20, 8:30 A.M. ET

Curling? Yep, curling. This slow-motion shuffleboard on ice is strangely mesmerizing if you give it a chance, and the United States has assembled one of its best teams yet.



Men's ice hockey, United States vs. Russia; Saturday, February 15, 7:30 A.M. ET

Patrick Kane (above), Zach Parise, and company face a difficult early test in their quest to win the first U.S. men's hockey gold since 1980. The host nation will suit up NHL superstars Alex Ovechkin and Evgeni Malkin, among other standouts.



Men's ice hockey, gold-medal game; Sunday, February 23, 7 A.M. ET

Will Russia ride its home-ice advantage to the gold? Can Canada defend its title? Can the United States—or a dark horse such as Sweden, Finland, or the Czech Republic—sneak off with the gold? Whatever happens, hockey doesn't get any better than this.



Four-man bobsled; Sunday, February 23, 4:30 A.M. ET

The United States actually won this event in 2010—for the first time since 1948. Can they repeat? Set your alarm to find out.

On the Brink of History

Four athletes poised to make their mark, in permanent ink, at Sochi



Ole Einar Bjørndalen, Norway, biathlon
Bjørndalen needs two medals to surpass countryman Bjørn Dæhlie as the most decorated Winter Olympian of all time. His best bets are the relay and the mixed relay, if he chooses to compete in the latter.



Sarah Hendrickson, United States, ski jumping
Hendrickson, the 2013 world champion, will look to win the first women's Olympic ski jumping gold medal, as the sport debuts at Sochi.



Shani Davis, United States, speed skating
Having already made history as the first black athlete from any nation to win an individual gold medal at the Winter Games (in 2006), Davis is looking to become the first skater to win three consecutive golds in the 1,000 meters. He'll get his shot on Wednesday, February 12, at 9 A.M. ET.



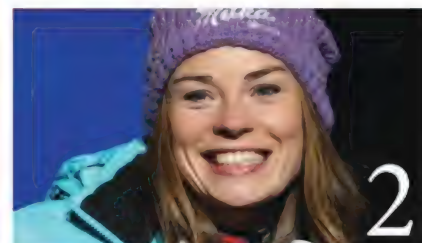
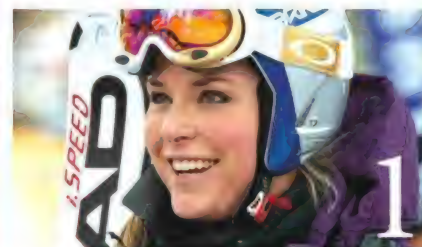
Kikkan Randall, United States, cross-country skiing
A U.S. woman has never won a cross-country skiing medal at the Olympics. Randall has a good chance to change that—and an outside shot at gold in the individual sprint freestyle.

Winter Heat

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT) MARTIN ROSE/GETTY IMAGES, EPA/ALAMY, MIKE HEWITT/GETTY IMAGES, YURI KADOBNOV/GETTY IMAGES



Did we mention Sochi has a subtropical climate? Here's hoping these hotties take advantage of it.



1. Lindsey Vonn, United States, skiing

Tiger Woods's much, much better half tore two knee ligaments and fractured a bone in an awful crash in February 2013, but vowed to be ready for Sochi.

2. Tina Maze, Slovenia, skiing

The 30-year-old beauty could win four medals, which would probably more than double her country's total haul at Sochi.


3. Lolo Jones, United States, bobsled

A former track star-turned-bobsledder, she sort of resembles another Jones: *Parks and Recreation* babe Rashida.

4. Torah Bright, Australia, snowboard

The defending Olympic half-pipe champ is a right chicky babe.

5. Gracie Gold, United States, figure skating

The pixie-ish Gold took silver at the 2013 U.S. championships. 

capitol gains



Twenty-seven-year-old Sarah Hunter just may be the best thing to come out of Washington, D.C., in years. And the lovely, 34D-23-34 actress/model/bartender/office manager is a perfect fit for *Penthouse*. "I couldn't wait to get undressed for this shoot," she tells us. "I love imagining that the camera is someone who's watching me play with myself."

Photographs by Harry Connor







"I've done some reality TV, but now I'm acting in two upcoming films from B-movie director Jim Wynorski, as well as working on the new series Bruce Boxleitner is producing, *Lantern City*."





A full-page photograph of a nude woman with long, dark, wavy hair. She is sitting on a red and gold patterned rug outdoors, with a blurred green background of trees and foliage. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. Her hands are resting on her lap, and she is wearing a silver ring on her left ring finger and a silver bracelet on her right wrist. The lighting is bright and natural, highlighting her skin.

"The most exciting place I've ever made love is on the playground of my old elementary school. Don't worry: I was legal! But it still felt so wrong and dirty, and I loved every minute of it."

"My favorite fantasy is to be blindfolded at a swingers party, get gangbanged by a bunch of different guys, and have to guess afterward who fucked me."





"I once had a fivesome with a model friend, her photographer boyfriend, and two other models. I can't even tell you how the whole thing started, but it was the most amazing sexual experience I've ever had."

SEE MORE OF SARAH AT PENTHOUSE.COM.





HOLY ROCK 'N' ROLLER

Back in the late eighties, who could have foreseen young punks becoming the elder statesmen of rock 'n' roll? From "Psychobilly Freakout" to *25 to Life*, Jim Heath's career as the Reverend Horton Heat has made an impact on a generation of punk and metal musicians.

Interview by Alanna Nash

The Reverend Horton Heat, that esteemed and zany minister of psychobilly, is calling from Orange County, California, between gigs. Horton Heat, which is both the name of the band and of its charismatic frontman, aka Jim Heath, 54, is back on the scene after a four-year absence, the new album *Rev* reprising the band's wildly feverish blend of honky-tonk, rockabilly, punk, rock, and blues. One track, the tongue-in-check "Let Me Teach You How to Eat," has inspired a memorable video in which provocative pinup girls eat their way through a smorgasbord of shortcakes and steaks.

Legendary for more than two decades now, the Reverend Double H seems surprised by the band's celebrity among other musicians, including such alt-rockers as Motörhead, Soundgarden, and Smashing Pumpkins, all of whom are fans who've invited RHH to open for them on tour.

But that's what happens when you have the audacity to wear purple-and-green suits embellished with fire, or, as Heath says, "these flaming, wild tuxedos that made me look like either the Joker or Ronald McDonald." One night in 2003, Johnny Rotten of the Sex Pistols introduced himself and chatted up Heath about "Longest Gonest Man," the first song on the very first Reverend Horton Heat demo tape, which the punk star had gotten from a Dallas deejay. "I was pretty blown away that he had known about us all that time," Heath remembers. "The funny thing is that the song is just now making this album. I have other songs, too, that never made an album and probably will someday."

Which is to say that Heath is in no hurry, and his band is firmly

entrenched in the scene. What Beavis and Butt-head said about everybody's favorite reverend in 1993 still stands: "This guy rules."

This is your first album in four years. Why so long?

Well, we went through a change in drummers. And it's kind of crazy when you've been doing this for so long. We've got 10 or 11 albums out, not including compilations, and it gets harder and harder for our regular fans to accept our new songs. When we were doing a new album every two years, it was almost making our fans mad [laughs].

Why would that make them mad?

Fans love the material that you already have. New songs can never be like the old songs because they're, well, *new* songs. It takes a while for the new ones to sink into their acceptance zones. New album after new album can overload them and piss them off. Also, you have the opposite effect with the new fans that you make with your new album. They can go back and hear your old stuff and not be as into it. This just pisses off the old fans even more, and sometimes they resent the newbies. Such is life. Here's my new album, bitches!

You have a song on here called "Schizoid." Do you have to be psycho to do psychobilly?

I think so, because I'm definitely psycho.

What's your diagnosis?

Extreme megalomania, and putting too much pomade in my hair.

For people who don't know the term "psychobilly"—which you're credited with introducing to the United States in 1990—how would you define it?

Psychobilly is a mainly European form of music. In the late seventies, people started fusing high-energy American rockabilly with punk rock. So you have bands like the Meteors, the Guana Batz,



“I really just try to write songs that are about what people really go through in life, but, yeah, there’s a lot of [sex, drugs, booze, and cars] in there.”

Demented Are Go, Batmobile, all over in Europe. We fit in with that crowd. We go over there and we do psychobilly festivals. But we do things that psychobilly bands don’t do. We’ll get bluesy, and we’ll get a little jazzy, and we’ll get a little bit country.

In other words, you expand on the psychobilly sound.

Well, I appreciate that, thanks. It wasn’t conscious. I just do what I like to do, and I’m obviously influenced by a lot of things that aren’t psychobilly—all sorts of mid-century American stuff. I really love the music of Henry Mancini and the movie soundtracks from the mid-century, Ennio Morricone, the spaghetti-western music. I’m not so sure a slow instrumental would fit in with the psychobilly crowd too well.... Actually, all of us in this scene have been pretty good about having an open mind. In general, the rockabilly, psychobilly, swing, surf-guitar, and country people are all down in it together.

You like to combine all those elements on occasion.

I think that’s a natural evolution. Every time I try to plan something musically, it never ends up being what I thought. It’s almost a spiritual thing, like something hits you from outer space. I’m in the middle of doing a country album, and I get hit with all these wild surf-guitar ideas. I just roll with wherever I’m taken, I guess.

How vested are you in country music?

The album before this one, *Laughin’ & Cryin’ With the Reverend Horton Heat*, was gonna be pretty much a straight country album. And it got sidetracked the way I just described. So this album definitely rocks harder than that one. Me and [stand-up-bass player] Jimbo [Wallace] said, “You know, we’re a rock ‘n’ roll band. That’s what we should do—rock ‘n’ roll.”

I can’t imagine you in a conventional job. Did you ever have one?

Oh, I used to have regular jobs where I had to sit in a cubicle wearing a shirt and a tie. But I had a boss who yelled and cursed at me all day long, so I knew I couldn’t do that. In my very early twenties, I’d already been in bands that made money. In fact, I was in bands then, too. But in Dallas, I worked for Neiman Marcus, the famous store. That’s where the guy yelled. But luckily there was another guy who was above me. He got yelled at way more than me.

What was your job description?

Profit planning, forward accounting.

Wow. That’s the other side of the brain.

Oh, yeah, totally. That was before I realized what a waste of time college was. I went to school to be a business guy. But I knew I wanted to be a musician when I was 14 years old. By the time I was 16, I was in a band that was traveling and making money. I was off to the races. I knew it wasn’t easy, and there was a lot of bullshit to it, but not as much bullshit as having to get yelled at by a guy and sit in a cubicle.

Where did you grow up?

San Antonio and Corpus Christi, Texas. My parents were from Dallas, and they ended up back in Dallas. I’ve been in Dallas for so long now that it’s my adopted hometown.

Is that why your liner notes talk about conspiracy theories?

Oh, yeah. Dallas is the capital of conspiracy theories, because of the JFK assassination. I never will believe that one crazy guy did that. There’s no way. All you have to do is watch the Zapruder film. It’s a horrific thing to watch, but that doesn’t mean the government should have hidden it for years. If people had seen that film the day after the assassination, nobody in their right mind would have believed that the fatal shot came from behind, from that book-depository building. No way. Because everybody could see that Kennedy got shot from the front right. You can see it on the film.

It does seem that way. But ballistic experts say otherwise.

The explanation I get a big laugh out of is, “He went back because of the reaction of his head against the bullet.” Well, that’s a crock of shit. If something hits your head hard enough to blow the fucker in two, do you think your neck is strong enough to react *against* that? No. It’s crazy. And I’ll tell you what they did this year. They covered up the X. For years, there was an “X” right on the street where the final head-shot hit him. If you walk up behind that picket fence and look down at the whole scene, it’s a very creepy, eerie feeling. I predict that within the next year they won’t let anybody go back behind that fence ever again. Because if you went back there and looked down at the X, you’d have to believe there’s some kind of giant cover-up. Something happened there. And there’s a deathbed confession by E. Howard Hunt.

I want to know how you conjured the song “Let Me Teach You How to Eat.” It’s not about food, of course.

No, the song’s about sex. It definitely is. But it started out with this guy, Russell Hobbs. I used to work for him. He was trying to be a hippie guru. And he came up to me one day and said, “Horton, let me teach you how to eat.” And he went off on all this macrobiotic stuff, and I was thinking, *Well, if I didn’t know how to eat already, wouldn’t I be dead?* But I turned it into a song about sex.

The song “Smell of Gasoline” started with the idea of sex and danger. Or did it?

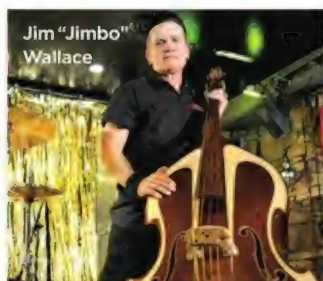
Well, there was a girl I knew all the way through school. She was a pretty cool person, very laid-back and understated. My family was pretty much a straight-ahead, good American family, and her family was a little different. They were a little bit hippie, sort of stoners. But they also liked their hot rods and cars. Her brothers always had the car parked in the front yard with the motor hanging out in the tree, you know? And one day we were talking about cars, and she said, “Yeah, I love the smell of gasoline.”

What did you think she meant by that?

Well, I think it was about the whole dangerous aspect of automobiles. You know, you can smell the danger, even though you’re not actually in the car driving 120 miles an hour. So I said, “I know what you mean.” But it wasn’t until years later that I wondered if she was saying something else. Maybe she was just digging me.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GENE AMBO



Oh, it wasn't a come-on?

Listen, girls have their ways of saying stuff to you. But I was so dumb and young and naive then that if it had been a come-on, I would have never known it. And for sure I would have never acted on it. But for some reason I'll never forget the way she said it.

Sex, drugs, booze, and cars are running themes in your work.

Yeah. Well, I really just try to write songs that are about what people really go through in life, but, yeah, there's a lot of that in there.

Some people might say you're stuck in adolescence.

Oh, yeah, sure, completely. In some ways I guess it could be said that I've grown up. I'm a dad, and I try to do my best in that respect. But the other times in my life, I'm still riding around all over America leading the life of a leisurely rock star.... Not really. This is actually more work than people think.

I always loved the mock sermons you did in the style of a revivalist preacher. Are you still doing those?

No. It was turning our set into a comedy act, and I didn't want my whole thing to just devolve into a caricature of a preacher. And comedy's hard. The preaching came out of the blue one night. It just happened, and my band members were looking at me with their jaws on the floor, like, "What are you *doing*?" But it seemed to work. It's entertaining. And I'm all about entertaining, so I'll probably bring the sermon back at some point. I was actually thinking about hiring somebody like Drew Carey to help me write a new sermon every month or so.

How did you conjure your stage name?

Russell Hobbs, the same guy who said, "Let me teach you how to eat," had nicknames for everybody. He called me Horton. I had grease in my hair and was wearing fifties clothes, and hanging around with all these hippies who smelled like patchouli, so he called me Horton. And then when he heard me play and sing, he

gave me a gig. I showed up to set up my equipment and he said, "Hey, your stage name is going to be Reverend Horton Heat, okay?" And I said, "No, that's not okay. Reverend Horton *Heat*?" But he had already listed it in the papers and had flyers made. So at the end of my first set, all these people came up saying, "That was really great, Reverend Horton!" And I was floored. Because I was desperate. I was living in a warehouse with rats and roaches. To be up there by myself, playing my own songs and having 30 or 40 people at my first gig, was something. So I ran with it. I'm glad he didn't say my stage name was Dog Dookie because I would be here today saying, "Hi, everybody, I'm Dog Dookie." I would have gone with anything, probably, to get a gig.

You couldn't have been as desperate as that poor fellow in your song "Spooky Boots."

I know, I know. That's a true story, too. He used to run lights for us when we played in Santa Fe, New Mexico. He hung around with a lot of bikers. But he was kind of small, and he walked with a cane. One day I was eating lunch in the club before we set up, and he sat down and started telling me this story. He said, "I had this girlfriend named Spooky Boots, and she was the best girlfriend I ever had. She did all this stuff that I didn't even ask her to do. She'd mend my clothes, and every morning she'd come in and help me get dressed. But she moved out. She left." The way he talked, it was like it just had happened. He said, "Every Saturday I go to the town square, because that's where everybody shops. I figure one of these Saturdays she'll walk by and I'll see her." I started to say, "Man, you better not obsess about this too much. Just let her go." But instead I said, "How long has it been? When did she leave?" He said, "Well, it was 1969." And this was 2002 or something.

He went looking for her every Saturday for 30 years?

Yeah, poor guy. But we live in a world of instant gratification. You watch these TV shows and everybody gets to fall in love. They show how hard it is for about 20 minutes, and then they find the perfect person. But the world is harder and colder than that. There are people out there who have been lonely their whole lives.

You've toured with everybody from the Sex Pistols to Johnny Cash. You must have some stories.

I got to meet Johnny Cash only very briefly. But I got the best Johnny Cash story from Carl Perkins, the great Sun Records artist. He was part of Johnny's road show for a long time. Carl was the nicest, most gracious Southern guy, always willing to tell stories. I asked him about this story I'd heard, that he and Johnny Cash and a couple of other guys were in a hotel room and Johnny grabbed two M-80 fireworks. He wrapped the fuses together, and then taped them together, and lit the things and flushed them down the toilet. That would have made a major explosion, of course, because those fuses don't go out when they're in water. With the compression of the pipes, that would have blown out the hotel's whole water system.

Well, Johnny was a firebug, so I could believe that.

Carl said, "Oh, yeah, that's true." He said, "Blew some ol' boy off his toilet. There was water everywhere. They evacuated the hotel, and the cops showed up." And since the blast came from the room where the poor guy was on the toilet, they were getting ready to arrest that guy. And Johnny stepped up and confessed. Carl said, "He sent a check every month for years to pay that off."

We're out of time, and I didn't even ask you about your *Liquor in the Front* album.

LIQUOR IN THE FRONT, POKER IN THE REAR. That's a sign you'd see in all those old men's bars. They'd have another sign in the restroom: WE AIM TO PLEASE, SO YOU AIM, TOO, PLEASE. ☺



ESCORT

For all intents and purposes, an encounter between an escort and her client should be a smooth and pleasurable experience for both parties. (Sometimes more pleasurable for the client than the escort ... all right, usually it's more pleasurable for the client. We professional escorts aim to please, after all.) The appointment begins with a knock on the door and the discreet placement of the envelope in plain sight. Then there's the aforementioned hot, wet sexual interlude. Finally, we get to a painless, no-strings good-bye. Sounds pretty simple, right? You'd be amazed how many times a simple fuck can simply get fucked-up.

ARE YOU TRYING TO SCREW ME?

This is a pretty short story: He came,

A little simple advice can help you make the most out of an appointment with a call girl. Of course, if you're not someplace where it's legal and you get caught, you're on your own. There's only so much we can do.

By Alex Lieberman • Illustrations by Jon Proctor

and he went. No, not because his gun accidentally went off as he was pulling it from its holster, although that has happened. He knocked, smiled as he came in, introduced himself, and smoothly slid the envelope into a dresser drawer. My escort radar immediately went to DEFCON 1. I kissed him hello seductively and just as smoothly grabbed the envelope and excused myself to count it in the bathroom. As I was walking away, he asked nervously where I was going. I answered, "To freshen up, sweetie." He pulled me tight against him and said,

"Don't go! I've been looking forward to this all day and can't wait!"

The last time I saw the same deer-in-the-headlights look was on the TV show *Cheaters*, when the camera crew caught a newly married guy screwing a waitress near the Dumpster behind her restaurant. I ignored him, went to the bathroom, and confirmed my suspicions. The "donation" was short—and not just \$20 or \$40; he was a full \$100 short!

When I confronted him about it, he embarrassed himself further by acting like it was an innocent mistake,

ETIQUETTE



[the sex files: escort]

then immediately suggested we just shorten our time together. I opened his hand, put the envelope in it, and said, "Get yourself some lube, a box of tissues, and a six-pack, and enjoy. You might even have enough left over for some gum. Please leave."

Lesson learned: Honey, I may be for sale, but I'm not on sale. Don't treat me like a peddler at a flea market who has to worry about carting the merchandise back if it doesn't sell. I can guarantee fun will be had by all if you start your encounter by taking care of business before I take care of your pleasure. Trying to screw an escort before you screw her will guarantee you won't get screwed at all.

DON'T HOLD BACK

There was a weird, sexual Buddhist-like mantra coming from beneath me as I rode my afternoon appointment: "Don't come, don't come, don't come..." At first I thought he was talking to me, but then he added his own name into the chant. What the fuck? We'd already gone through 40 minutes, six different positions, and half a bottle of lube. I have to admit, I wanted to start my own chant: "Come now, come now, come now!" A few more minutes of him ramming his wood in and out of me and we were going to have our own little pussy campfire to chant around.

He finally came to his senses and began a new chant: "I want to come, I want to come, I'm going to come, I'm going to come." Unfortunately, it was too late. His penis had apparently stopped listening because he never was able to get off. Needless to say, he left disappointed, and I had no doubt that a urinary tract infection was just around the corner for me. (Look it up.)

Lesson learned: This time is not about me. When you're with an escort, enjoy yourself! Some of my friends tell me that a guy who's holding out is trying to enrich my experience. Believe me, I got off the moment I knew the cash in the envelope was right. Who cares if you bust your nut after only five minutes? Certainly not me. Besides, you've paid for my time, which means you can

recover and go again, or relax and get a great massage. If you really want to impress your paid-by-the-hour girlfriend, try your hand (or mouth) at giving her a toe-curling orgasm. I promise she won't complain about that.

YOU COULDA, SHOULDA WARNED ME

Sorry, guys, but despite the reassurances from your significant others, size does matter to me, but not in the way you probably think. I went into an appointment with an average-looking guy. What wasn't average was peeking out from under the waistband of his boxers. Even before I unwrapped the king-size Mr. Goodbar in his pants, I'd felt the anaconda growing under my hand. With more than a little, well, fear, I unbuttoned his fly and pulled down his pants.

I froze as I wondered if I'd brought enough Astroglide with me, then tried to remember if there was a Home Depot nearby where I could pick up some WD-40 or oil-rig grease, because if he intended to drill me with that pipe it was going to take heavy machinery, a couple of sweaty longshoremen, and possibly an episiotomy. When I finally looked at his face, it was because I wanted to see if I recognized him as one of the hired studs from my growing porn collection. Nope.

When he saw my reaction to his size he immediately blurted out, "I had hoped this time would be different." Poor guy. I know women fantasize about having a big dick to play with, but most of us in the business tend to shy away from objects that might make us cough up an ovary. Being the trouper I am, and despite lacking the insurance I would need to protect myself against blunt-force trauma to my kidneys, I covered his larger-than-life penis with a quart of lube and jumped on him.

To make a long, painful, disappointing story short, this ridiculously endowed client had to settle for a two-handed handjob, and achieving even that was a feat. He eventually came, and I came to find out—while recovering from my strenuous arm workout—that this is how the majority of his pay-for-play appointments go. Not really a happy ending in my opinion, or his.

Lesson learned: If you're lucky enough to be hung like a bull elephant and you know that a





ONE SECOND I HAD MY LEGS WRAPPED AROUND THIS GUY, HOLDING ON FOR DEAR LIFE, AND THE NEXT HE WAS SCREAMING, “MY BACK, MY BACK! I THREW OUT MY BACK!”

smooth entry might be an issue, do a little research first. There are plenty of online chat rooms and discussion forums in the business where you can ask questions like, say, “Are there any available girls who welcome and enjoy well-endowed clients?” If you have your eye on a specific girl, a simple email to her that mentions you’re “bigger than average” will clue her in to the situation, and give her an opportunity to either turn you down politely or call her insurance agent before accepting the appointment. Plan accordingly and you can get your happy ending, no matter what size you are.

I’VE FALLEN AND I CAN’T GET OFF

There’s nothing quite like being in the throes of pure passion. I’m talking about primitive, no-holds-barred, “Discovery Channel presents the lions of the Serengeti” kind of sex. Tearing each other’s clothes off/pulling hair/biting/scratching/screaming in ecstasy while you instinctively move from one questionably legal sexual position to another kind of sex.

Sounds great, right? Until you try to pull it off without a director, cuts and reshoots, and a stunt person or two.

There’s nothing more dangerous than a client who wants to re-create or act out a fantasy he’s seen on the big screen—or on some fetish site. It’s even worse when he doesn’t know his own strength, or lack of it. This instance of great sex going horribly, horribly wrong began how most successful appointments go: kissing, licking, sucking, fucking—then came the improvisational part of the performance. Look, I’m always up for thinking outside the box, especially if it means giving my box a breather, but I was turned around, twisted, and contorted in ways I’ve only ever seen in a Cirque du Soleil performance. My hair was tugged so hard I looked like I had just had a Joan Rivers–style face-lift.

Just when we’d taken a break and I was hoping the wrestling match was over, he went for the big move. As I was on my way to the kitchen to get us something to drink, massage my sore scalp, and get a bag of ice, he came up behind me, turned me around, and picked me up so I was straddling him, saying, “I want to fuck you standing up.”

I call bullshit on people who say that time slows down when they’re in an accident. Because one second I had my legs wrapped around this guy,

holding on for dear life, and the next I was on the ground and he was lying next to me screaming, “My back, my back! I threw out my back!” It seems this guy’s passion and imagination were stronger than his core muscles.


When you watch a stunt on TV in which a motorcycle driver jumps 20 cars or through hoops of fire, there is always a warning at the bottom of the screen: DON’T TRY THIS AT HOME. I think that same warning should be on all porn videos. Unless you’re in great shape, have practiced and performed interesting or difficult sex positions with success on a regular basis, or are a certified Pilates instructor, leave those moves to the professionals. There are plenty of other, safer positions and ways to achieve an orgasm. If you want to try something new and different, go for it, as long as you know what you’re capable of. Fortunately, my client wasn’t so badly injured that I had to call an ambulance, although I think he hurt his ego that day as much as his back.

Lesson learned: Remember, you’re there for pleasure, not pain (unless you’re there for pleasurable pain). Pain will have you booking a few more appointments, this time with a board-certified medical professional. He or she may not charge as much per hour as I do, but I can guarantee you won’t leave that appointment as relieved and as happy.

LET’S MAKE A PACT

Every one of these fucked-up fucks could have been avoided by following a few simple rules:

1. You’ll arrive with the correct donation, unless you want to leave with the hard-on you walked in with.
2. If you’re coming to come, go ahead and come.
3. If it’s bigger than a bread box, warn the one with the box first.
4. You’ll leave the heavy lifting and acrobatics for the gym.

Now let’s get fucked! 

The author is currently taking time away from the mattress to document her brutally honest take on the world of pay-for-play in her upcoming book, *Buy the Hour*.





beyond the pale

Don't let the beige lingerie or the light-wood surroundings fool you. There's nothing bland about the proceedings when Eva and Vivien get together. Their lustful passion for each other is electric, and the dynamic duo burns up the sheets.

Photographs by Emmanuel Fouquet















SEE MORE OF EVA & VIVIEN AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com).



CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled. By Martin Downs, MPH

DON'T SWEAT IT!

Solutions for Sweaty Balls

Guys, do you ever feel ... you know ... not so fresh? You know what I'm talking about—sweaty, stanky balls.

If you're like most guys, you use an underarm antiperspirant/deodorant every day, but you probably have never thought about using something to keep your balls fresh and dry.

Such products do exist. But how well do they work? I tried several of them to see for myself. I'll come right out and say that if anyone could use a sweaty-balls remedy, it's me. I'm a sweaty motherfucker. As in, I have heated seats in my car, but I don't use the seat warmer unless it's below zero outside, or else it'll make my balls sweat. As in, I leave damp spots on benches in the hot summer months.

I tested all of the products in simulated conditions that would make my balls sweat. I first applied the product liberally to my groin, then put on a pair of 100 percent cotton boxer briefs. Over them, I wore a pair of 100 percent polyester sweatpants. I then sat on a heating pad with the temperature turned up as high as it would go (about 170 degrees), with a faux-fur blanket covering my lap. For each test, I sat on the heating pad for at least 30 minutes.

Here's how the products performed:

OVERALL RATING: This is our overall opinion of the product.

*** Recommended—should be a standard item in your Dopp kit

★★ Good—worth a test run

★ Not Recommended—do we really need to explain this?

EFFECTIVENESS: How well it prevents sweat and odor
[better] ★★★, ★★, ★ [worse]

EASE OF USE: How easy and mess-free it is to apply
[better] ★★★, ★★, ★ [worse]

AVAILABILITY: Widely available in grocery/drugstores, or purchased online

PRICE: As purchased

Fresh Balls

OVERALL RATING: ★★★

EFFECTIVENESS: ★★★

EASE OF USE: ★★★

AVAILABILITY: Amazon.com

MAIN INGREDIENTS: Water, ethyl

macadamiate, tapioca starch, carbomer

PRICE: \$15 for 5 ounces



Fresh Balls goes on as a lotion and dries as a powder. There's no white stuff all over the bathroom floor, though, and it really works. My balls feel great, even after a long day of travel, sitting in cramped airline seats and riding in cars, which usually makes my balls feel gross or has my scrotum sticking to my thigh. Now, when friends visit, I like to throw the tube of Fresh Balls to them and yell, "Catch!" Usually the reaction I get when they look at the label is not, "What the fuck is this?" but rather, "Where do you get it? I want some."

Bállo Powder, Original Formula

OVERALL RATING: ★★

EFFECTIVENESS: ★★★

EASE OF USE: ★

AVAILABILITY: Amazon.com

MAIN INGREDIENTS: Talc, zinc oxide, zinc stearate, fragrance

PRICE: \$15 for 3.5 ounces



The only other product marketed specifically for sweaty balls, Bállo Powder, works just as well as Fresh Balls; it's a powder however, and therefore messy to apply. Supposedly you can buy a kind of powder-puff thing to apply it, but, honestly, who's going to do that? You're going to sprinkle some into your palm and rub it on your balls. And it's going to get all over the place. Not that powder on the floor is the worst thing ever, but it's annoying. I also didn't like the cologne scent of Bállo. It's not overpowering, but I don't like to wear cologne, so the fragrance wasn't a plus for me. If you're a cologne user, you might like it, though. It's a classy, masculine fragrance.

Gold Bond Ultimate Body Powder, Comfort With Aloe

OVERALL RATING: **

EFFECTIVENESS: ***

EASE OF USE: *

AVAILABILITY: in stores

MAIN INGREDIENTS: Cornstarch, baking soda, silica, fragrance

PRICE: \$5.49 for 10 ounces



This was the cheapest and most readily available of the products tested, with most supermarkets and major drugstores stocking it. It performed as well or better than the pricier specialty powders tested. Its “fresh clean scent” is not flowery or herbal; it smells like soap, basically. Not bad, but not fancy. It won’t make you feel like an upscale consumer, but it will help keep your balls feeling clean and dry.

Menscience Advanced Body Powder, Fragrance Free

OVERALL RATING: *

EFFECTIVENESS: *

EASE OF USE: *

AVAILABILITY: Amazon.com; specialty stores

MAIN INGREDIENTS: Cornstarch, magnesium carbonate, kaolin, green-tea-leaf extract

PRICE: \$16 for 3.4 ounces



It’s advertised as fragrance-free, and that much is true—it doesn’t smell like anything. It also doesn’t help much with ball sweat. After 20 minutes of sitting on the heating pad, my balls were sweaty. I even had noticeable damp spots inside my boxer briefs. This powder may be good for something, but I’m not sure what that is, exactly.

Jack Black Dry Down

OVERALL RATING: *

EFFECTIVENESS: **


EASE OF USE: *

AVAILABILITY: Amazon.com; in stores

MAIN INGREDIENTS: Cornstarch, zinc oxide, silica, boron nitride

PRICE: \$19 for 6 ounces



Jack Black Dry Down is a powder with a pleasant herbal scent. It may be nice as a general body powder, but I wouldn’t recommend it for preventing sweaty balls. After 30 minutes of sitting on the heating pad, I noted a slight amount of dampness in the groin area. Not bad, but you can do better with a cheaper product. 



THE VENUS WITHIN

I had been working as a makeup artist on location at a B-movie shoot in Louisiana for about three weeks, and though technically I was just a member of the crew, I got really close with the cast. We often partied together, as there wasn't a whole lot else to do. We were in a small town, and New Orleans was just too far a drive to be an option.

The guys on this shoot were gorgeous and the girls were rad. The film was one of those slasher types, where you put a bunch of hot people in a house and one by one they get picked off. And did I mention the actors were all gorgeous?

I was called in as a replacement for the first makeup girl after there'd been

One adventurous young woman discovers that the attentions of hot guys brings out her inner sex goddess.

By Ryan Keely • Illustrations by Charlene Chua

some drama, so I arrived a few days after shooting had already started. The first thing I did was check in with production, then I headed to the hotel, which turned out to be an old boutique where everything was built around an ivy-covered courtyard. That's where I found all seven cast members, lounging and drinking wine like some sort of ad campaign. I was dazzled by their collective hotness, and I just stood there, mouth gaping. Jeremy, a six-foot-three muscular blond with blue eyes, leaped to his feet and insisted on carrying my bags to my room. His country twang gave away his Southern roots. Gavin, a sandy-haired, green-eyed Ryan Phillippe type, insisted that I join them for a drink after I'd settled in.

I felt so gross after my flight in my jeans and boots, especially sur-

rounded by such beautiful people. I was sweating in the sultry air, but I washed up as best I could, changed into a light summer dress, and rejoined the group.

Jayden, a buxom, brunette firecracker, made me feel right at home. And Mindy, with her waist-length blonde ringlets and angelic face, started telling some of the dirtiest stories I'd ever heard—something she continued to do at the slightest provocation for the next three weeks. We still keep in touch.

Later, when I was coming out of the lobby restroom, I ran smack into Gavin. He stood so close to me that

I was forced to look up into those striking green eyes.

"You're beautiful," he said. And that's all it took before we were pressed up against each other. I felt the pulse of his body and a dark, hot coil of desire formed in my root chakra. The next thing I knew, my ass was pressed against the cold marble of the bathroom vanity. I didn't even remember moving back through that door. My hands were on his belt buckle as he pulled my hair aside and nibbled at my neck. It felt so good I practically came right then and there. But when I felt his cock harden and thicken, I knew I needed him inside me. He had a huge cock for such a pretty boy.

I pulled my tits out of the top of my dress and fed them to him. He buried his face in my cleavage, inhaling before grabbing my breasts roughly and licking my nipples. He looked up at me and, in that moment, I knew he needed me—needed the short, slightly chubby makeup girl. At that moment I was Venus—feminine and round, dripping wet and needing the fingers he had already slipped inside me. My pussy flexed around his middle and ring fingers and he pressed them firmly against my G spot. I gushed a little more and begged for his cock. Somewhere (my purse?) we found a condom, and I hiked my dress up around my waist. I pulled his dick out of his pants, sheathed it in latex, then I had him deep inside me. Was he uncircumcised? Everything happened so fast that it barely registered. What did register was how big he was: at least seven inches long, and thick—thicker near the head than the base, so he rubbed against my G spot with each thrust.

He fucked me with long, hard strokes, pulling his cock nearly all the way out before plunging back in. Each time he jammed his cock into my cunt, it felt so fucking good. So many sensations—the cold marble supporting my round ass, his strong hands gripping my hips, the fat head of his cock sliding in and out of me. And on top of all that, he smelled clean and intoxicating.

It was a blur of lips meeting skin, green eyes blazing, cock pounding,



me begging him, "Fuck me harder—please," between each shuddering breath, each impact of his cock. And then I came. I must have screamed as I shuddered, my pussy flexing around that thick muscle. I still have a picture-perfect image of what that ceiling looked like as I exploded with pleasure and felt him pulse deep inside me. Afterward, I looked at him, his eyes no longer blazing, but twinkling down at me, dimples winking as we grinned at each other like idiots for several moments. Finally, we laughed, hugged, and cleaned up. When we rejoined the party, it was in full swing, with Jayden and Jeremy dunking each other in the fountain, fully clothed.

The thing with Gavin during that sultry Southern month was just that—

one of those things. There were several others over the course of the film shoot. Jeremy and Jayden were constantly locked in her trailer. Or was it Heather's trailer? It all came flooding back about two and a half years later when I was at Stagecoach—a country-music festival two hours east of Los Angeles.

Normally I don't bother getting there until after the evening acts have finished, but my cousin needed a favor, so I arrived early to take her teenage daughters during the day. I fed them lunch, enjoyed the rides, and dropped them with their friends

Gavin started to move in and out of me, pushing Jeremy's thick cock deeper down my throat. I loved the feeling of being fucked from each end.

at the line-dancing tent. I was headed back to the VIP lounge when I looked up and there—not three feet in front of me—was a dose of double golden trouble. It was Jeremy and Gavin, beers in hand, dressed much too metro for a country-music show.

"Hey, what are you guys doing here?" I asked. "And how'd you get VIP wristbands?"

Wrapped up in their gorgeous aura, I somehow found myself with a drink in hand, the focus of both their attention. It was a little overwhelming. Gavin is staggeringly handsome by himself, but Jeremy is a runway model. He'd aged a little, making him look more rugged than I remembered, but he was still blond and broad-shouldered, with biceps bulging as he drank his beer. Gavin had decided it was too hot to wear a shirt. Sitting between these two specimens, I realized I was the most beautiful girl at this festival. Their striking looks and attention had transformed me again. I was sex personified, my hair glossier, my jokes funnier, my curves curvier. Jeremy was sitting behind me, straddling the bench, wrapping me up in his muscles, nibbling the nape of my neck, his little bites sending shock waves straight to my pussy, which started throbbing, humming to life. Gavin leaned over and kissed me full on the mouth while Jeremy started massaging my breasts from behind. I turned and Jeremy kissed me deeply while Gavin kissed my neck.

We started to draw a lot of attention, so we walked back toward the campground, stopping every so often for one of them to press his hard length against my plump ass while the other pressed his firm chest to my soft breasts, nibbling on my lower lip or gently sucking on my tongue. We tumbled into a luxury camper and made our way to the abbreviated master bedroom. My dress slipped off my shoulders and my hand eased down Jeremy's pants. He was huge—at least eight inches and as thick as a Red Bull can. I admit I was a little nervous, but my wanton pussy was sopping wet.

I dropped to my knees, freed Gavin's seven-inch cock, and sucked it into my mouth. I looked up at him and forced my mouth down on him until I nearly gagged. I loved this feeling of fullness. I turned my head and, while stroking Gavin with my hand, I stretched my lips to fit Jeremy's massive member into my mouth. I instantly gagged and grew even wetter. I went back and forth between the two cocks, trailing strings of saliva like strands of spider webbing.

"Put your ass in the air, but keep sucking that cock," Gavin said. I held on to Jeremy while Gavin slid my dress down my body, pulling my panties off, too. I heard a condom crinkle, and I moaned as his cock slowly invaded my pussy. I felt full, so full, as Gavin started to move in and out of me, pushing Jeremy's thick cock deep down my throat. My eyes started to water as I strained to suck his cock. I loved the feeling of being fucked from each end, being stuffed full of cock.

I was being taken hard by two beautiful men with big, thick dicks, and it felt *good*. My pussy clenched around Gavin and he started moving faster. I had to back off of Jeremy's dick when the combined sensations became too much. Jeremy held me up and I could see he was getting harder and more aroused watching his friend take me from behind.

"You look so fucking beautiful right now," he said, and I felt beautiful. I was being held by a pair of strong arms, while another pair of hands kneaded and caressed my ass. Then the pounding grew more incessant and Jeremy started kissing me. Gavin reached around and rubbed my clit and I exploded. My pussy clenched around Gavin's dick, then pulsed once, twice, three times, and I screamed as Gavin came inside me.

Jeremy pulled me up and lifted me, pushing my back against the wall. I

wrapped my legs around him and he lowered me onto his cock. Fuck, he felt huge. I bit my lip to hold back my squeal as he stretched me. I had no idea that much hard flesh could fit inside me! He braced me against the wall and started to move, grinding into me. I dug my nails into his back and screamed as I came again with a squirting orgasm that soaked us both, drenching his balls and dribbling onto the carpet. Jeremy held me even tighter, tugging on my hair so I was looking up at him. He covered my lips with his and started fucking me again. But instead of grinding, he was thrusting in and out, each stroke a massive impact. I licked the sweat off his neck and he stopped to carry me to the bed, where Gavin lay, watching and stroking his cock.

Jeremy lay me on my back, raised my legs, and held on to my ankles. His thrusts were deeper in this position. He licked my arch, then sucked my toes into his mouth. I nearly came again. I can't describe how I felt. All I know is that it made my cunt quiver and gush. I flexed my pussy around his huge cock and fucked him back, meeting his every thrust.

"Harder!" I screamed. And then with the need to come, I started begging. "Please, please, please," I keened breathlessly. "Please make me come. Make me come all over your huge cock!" All I wanted at that moment was for him to never stop fucking me. To never let the rhythm stop until I went over that edge. Until my world shattered around me in that perfect moment of "O."

Then it happened. My pussy seized around his cock as he emptied his seed into me. I shuddered and melted and he kissed me and held me tenderly for several minutes before collapsing alongside me. I felt Gavin spoon me from behind and kiss me between my shoulder blades.

"If you thought that was good, wait until we rest a minute," one of them said before we dozed off, entwined in one another's arms. It wasn't long before I felt Gavin's hard cock nuzzling my round ass. 





a rose by any name

You can find photos and video of this stunning 36D-23-34 beauty from Romania under the name Alexandra, or Black Angelika, or even Angelika Black. No matter the name, you'll be happy with what you see, although we're partial to these photos, which capture the sexy porn star at her best.

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"I've never faked an orgasm. I can't lie to my partner, and when it comes to shooting porn, I think it's important to make the scenes as real as possible."



"I like to make love, have sex, have rough sex—it all depends. Sometimes I like girls in my private life, sometimes I want a man."







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Sweet Dreams

My girlfriend and I have been living together for just under a year. Overall our sex life has been great, but recently it has become incredible.

We are very comfortable with our bodies, so we think nothing of walking around the house naked in the morning, especially since we both sleep in the buff. Eventually our "clothing optional" atmosphere became a 24-hour thing—as long as we had no guests over, of course. That never happened until last weekend, when an extremely pleasant surprise fell right into our laps.

I spent last Saturday morning working out at the gym. When I got home Karen was gone. I showered, and ten minutes later walked out of the bathroom with only the towel I carried to dry my hair. Feeling horny, and not wanting to pass the time by torturing myself with thoughts of plunging my steel rod into the steamy depths of Karen's luscious pussy, I decided to nap on the couch until she came back.

I fell asleep and soon began dreaming of Karen emerging from a sparkling lake with water glistening on her pristine skin. Droplets rolled down her firm breasts. I felt my groin encased in warmth, and my dick snapped to attention. She knelt in front of me and began to pump the length of my prick with long, slow strokes. I caught my breath as the sensation shocked my system with the bliss of being pleased by a hot, willing woman.

In fact, my sigh wasn't in the dream, and neither was the hot, willing woman! I was awake and could still feel the wonderful stroking of my cock. I opened my eyes, expecting to see Karen, and I did—but she was sitting on the chair opposite the couch, watching the stranger who was now sucking my dick.

"What the—" I said, before my words were cut short by the shuddering climax induced by the bobbing blonde head at my groin. Jism erupted from my engorged member into the silky hot mouth engulfing it. The combination of the awesome suction draining me and the flicking tongue running up my shaft made me forget my question. I rode the waves of ecstasy that ran through every nerve ending in my body.

After what felt like gallons of come had been sucked from me, I collapsed back onto the couch. Karen came over and planted a deep kiss on my lips. The blonde appeared over her right shoulder, licking her full yet still unfamiliar lips. Karen pulled back from

me and asked, "So, Jenny, how does his jizz taste?"

"Beautiful," the blonde said. "Very rich and creamy. Just like you told me, Karen."

Karen smiled and said, "Yeah, his dick has always been sweet to nibble on, but it's even better to ride that fucking bronco."

"Sounds good," Jenny responded, caressing my semierect dick once more. She looked me squarely in the eye as she asked, "Any objections?" Although I was dumbstruck by the proposition, it took me less than a second to shake a vigorous no. How could I object? Jenny's ministrations were taking effect, and my cock expanded and stiffened to full arousal once again.

Not wanting to fuck on the couch, I took the initiative and stood up, pulling my dick from Jenny's grasp. I grabbed Karen, putting her in a bear hug and kissing her passionately. With her legs locked around my middle and her ass just above my raging cock, I carried her down the hallway and into the bedroom.

As we reached the edge of the bed, Jenny jumped on my back and we all tumbled down in a writhing heap. Clothes started flying, and mouths, hands, and other appendages created

a blended mass of perpetual motion on the bed's increasingly slick surface.

Karen wound up sitting on my face, with Jenny bouncing up and down on my prick like a wild woman. My senses were overloaded with the pounding of my dick and the partaking of my favorite treat. Karen has the best pussy I have ever had the pleasure of tasting or fucking, though Jenny was currently giving her a run for her money.

As I put all my effort into pleasing Karen's love box, Jenny refocused my attention back on her. "Oh, God," she screamed, "that feels so fucking good. Oh, fuck, yes!"

A minute later my pumped-up dick tingled with electricity, and I exploded for the second time into a strange female. A moan escaped my lips in conjunction with the girls' caterwauling, as my semen coated Jenny's pussy, mingling with her love juice. Jenny collapsed onto my chest with my dick still inside her.

The sex continued long into the night, until we all became too exhausted to stay awake any longer. As I lay sandwiched between Karen and Jenny before drifting off to sleep, I felt content and satisfied in every conceivable way—T.U., Wyoming

Karen wound up sitting on my face, with Jenny bouncing up and down on my prick like a wild woman. My senses were overloaded.





■ Poke Her

One Saturday, David had been playing poker all day with his buddies when I called him to say I was getting home from a family function earlier than expected. That was all it took. He grabbed his winnings and came home to get lucky again.

When he got there, I immediately opened his pants and freed his cock, which felt like an iron rod in my hands. I slowly sank to my knees and took that rod as far down my throat as it would go. I repeated a slow, methodical deep-throating of his cock while massaging his balls, making him moan like we hadn't had sex in weeks.

David's cock felt good in my mouth, but I knew it would feel even better in my hot pussy. He must have been thinking the same thing. He pushed my lacy black thong aside, and I straddled him and slowly lowered my aching cunt onto his hot shaft. In my lust, I'd worked him up to the point where he was ready to come after only a few deep thrusts. After he exploded, we went to the bedroom and he took me seven ways to Sunday ... literally.—J.H., *New Hampshire*

■ Lustful Discovery

When my wife and I were on vacation last summer, we met this really hot couple, Ted and Michele. Charlotte and I were surprised to learn that they both wanted to fuck her. We'd wanted to spice things up, so this was perfect. After we all got to know one another, Charlotte ended up getting her pussy eaten by three eager tongues and fucked by two hard cocks. She had a record number of orgasms, and it had an immediate effect on her sexual inhibitions. In fact, they disappeared completely.

During our drive home, Charlotte sat with her feet on the seat and her knees spread wide, giving anyone with a vehicle higher than our sedan a great view of her bare, newly shaved cunt. She was a trucker's dream come true with those long legs spread and a vibrator working her clit, and several drivers saluted her with their horns.

About a month later, we hooked up with Ted and Michele again for a whole weekend of sucking, licking, and fucking. Charlotte had three orgasms before lunch on the first day!

I can't get enough of Charlotte's newly awakened libido. She's coming

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up with a lot of things she wants to try, and I love her new sense of adventure.—S.F., Tennessee

Games People Play

As soon as I saw the text from my girlfriend saying she had a surprise in store that night, I was half hard. Her surprises always result in heavy-duty sex sessions that are incredibly satisfying for both of us.

I arrived at her place about an hour after work, having been aroused to distraction all afternoon. There was a note that said I should knock, not use my key, so I did. When Elise answered the door, my jaw hit the floor. She always looks sexy, but usually she's classy and sophisticated. Tonight she looked like a stripper, with wild hair, that bright red lipstick that makes a guy immediately want to see it on his dick, a top made of two tiny triangles and some string, thong panties, and a garter belt with stockings.

"Hi, Eddie," she said, smiling. "Are you ready for your test-drive?"

I had no clue what to say. I wasn't sure where she was going with the roleplay, and I didn't want to mess up by saying the wrong thing. So I just smiled.

"Come on in," she said. "I know you want your brother's bachelor party to be great. I promise you, I'm the girl for the job." She gave me a wicked smile and winked, then added, "Trust me, honey, I give good lap."

Okay, I had a handle on things now. "That's right, baby. This party has to be legendary. But it's my sister's fiancé, not my brother. You won't be doing anything more for him than dancing."

Elise ran her hand down my chest, stopping right above my dick, and said, "And what about you, honey? Are you interested in any extras?"

"Oh, I'm interested. That's why I set up this appointment."

"Take a seat then, so I can get started." Elise grabbed me by the shoulders and pushed me down onto the couch. The music was already going, so she began her dance. I was already hard when she straddled my

waist and began grinding her hips into mine. I fell into rhythm with her. She knew exactly what I wanted, and she was going to make sure I got it.

I pulled the triangles of her top below her tits, leaned forward, and took a plump nipple into my mouth, causing her breath to catch. She played with one nipple while I sucked on the other. My hands reached down and grabbed her perfect little ass. Then she got up and stood in front of me. She pulled the bows on the sides of her thong open and dropped it, leaving the garter belt and stockings framing her shaved cunt.

Elise knelt in front of me, unzipped my jeans, and pulled them down to my ankles. My hard-on was standing tall in my boxers, waiting to be freed. She tucked her fingers underneath the waistband of my shorts and pulled them off with my pants, then ran her hands up my legs before she grabbed my cock and put it into her hot mouth. She ran her tongue all around the head, licking some of the pre-come that oozed from the tip before taking me all the way into her mouth.

I started moving my hips to the rhythm of her bobbing head, gently thrusting in and out, just hitting the back of her throat. Elise likes it that way and so do I. After a couple of minutes, she pulled me out of her mouth, a gorgeous trail of saliva and pre-come dripping from her tongue. Then she climbed back on top of me and started gyrating on me again. I've had some damn good lap dances in the past, but man, there's nothing like getting one when you're skin to skin. Holy fuck, it was hot!

She was getting turned-on, too, and her juices were coating my dick like lube. She whispered that she could probably come just like that, and I was afraid I was going to pop too soon. "Ride my leg, baby. Let me see you tease your clit. I want to feel your hot cunt coming against my thigh."

"Sure, honey, whatever you want." Has a sexy woman ever said anything more inviting than that? She shifted back a few inches, positioned herself over my thigh, and reached down to open her labia. "Like this, sweetie? You want to see my clit rub against you?"

"Hell, yeah, baby. Now make yourself come for me."

Elise rocked herself against my leg as her fingers circled her clit, moaning loudly and breathing faster. She came after only a couple of minutes, gave one loud cry, and collapsed against my chest. I ran two fingers along the

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wet length of her pussy, then slowly slipped them in, making her gasp. I finger-fucked her and she once again started to shudder, screaming out how good it felt.

I was more than ready to fuck. I picked her up as I stood, lay her down on the couch, placed my dick at the entrance to her wet cunt, and pulled her legs around my arms so I could enter her at a deep angle. Then I slid all the way in with one thrust. I banged her hard, my hips slamming into her as she continued to rub her clit, making us both even hornier. Then I flipped her over so she was bent over the arm of the couch with her upper body on the table next to it. I took her from behind, each stroke more purposeful than the one before, propelling her over the orgasmic edge.

But that's not how I wanted to come. I reached over and pulled a bottle of K-Y from her purse and drizzled the lube down the crease of Elise's ass, preparing her for my next move. Then I pulled out of her pussy and slowly pushed myself into her ass, enjoying the incredible, glove-tight feeling. I started pumping in and out, gradually quickening my pace. All the while she was going wild and screaming for more. She pushed back on my cock, bringing me even deeper inside her. I felt my balls tighten, gritted my teeth, and released my load deep into her ass.

I lifted Elise up, kissed her again, then carried her to bed, saying, "Come on, baby, it's time to put in some overtime."—*E.F., Connecticut*



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I broke off the kiss so I could lean back and get a new angle, and Kevin was mesmerized by my bouncing tits.

■ Moving On

When my fiancé dumped me, I was a mess. I took a few days off, cried my eyes out, and went back to work, desperate for a new start. Once I got to work, though, I found it hard to concentrate, and for days I waited for

my boss to come over and say, "Gayle, you're fired." I had to pull myself together. Finally, at the end of the week, I gathered up the daily reports, put them in an interoffice envelope, and addressed it to my supervisor. I shut down my computer terminal and tidied up my workspace, grabbed my bag, slammed my chair under the desk, and headed for the ladies' room. I was ready for rebound sex.

I put on my lipstick with the intention of making it clear that I could suck the hell out of any man's cock. I blew a kiss at my reflection, winked, and left the ladies' room. I got the exact reaction I wanted from everyone I passed in the hall, which

made me feel confident and sexy. At the elevator, I glanced over to my left and saw Kevin, the new guy, smiling at me.

"Hi, Gayle," he said. "Where are you off to?"

"Hey, Kevin," I replied. "I'm going to get a drink. I need to vent. Would you care to join me?" I walked onto the elevator, hoping Kevin would follow. He did.

"So who's buying the first round?" he asked, leaning in close. I smiled.

"If you give me something to work with, maybe I will," I said seductively.

We had one drink at the bar on the next block, then went to my place.

We had a fantastic makeout session, and as Kevin unbuttoned my shirt, he asked me if I was ready to get back on the horse. I replied, "You have no idea how ready I am!" We stripped down in no time, and I led him to the recliner that my fiancé used to camp out in for videogame marathons. I rolled a condom onto his cock, straddled his lap, and lowered my wet pussy onto his dick.

While our tongues dueled, I rode his pole. Each time I came down on his cock, I moaned into Kevin's mouth. When my pace quickened, I broke off the kiss so I could lean back and get a new angle. Kevin was mesmerized by my bouncing tits. Finally, I screamed out as I peaked, and I felt Kevin's dick throb as he came, too.

We ordered pizza, watched a movie, and fucked again, and again. I had no idea why things had worked out the way they did, but I was happy to have a distraction—not to mention the ego boost of a hot guy lusting after me.—G.H., New Mexico

■ Customer Servicing

Last summer I worked as a trouble-shooter for a lawn-and-garden-equipment sales center. I was responsible for the assembly of equipment after it was delivered to the customer. A couple of weeks ago, we delivered a riding lawn mower to a couple living in a rural area. The husband—a white-collar type—couldn't figure out how to assemble it. I went out to help them.

The next day, I got another call from the wife, Tina, about the mower. I drove out there to check it out, only this time I was the one being checked out. Tina promptly informed me that her husband was away for a week on business. She took me into the garage,



explained the problem she was having with the mower, and went inside.

I got the mower started just as Tina returned with a glass of iced tea. She's a gorgeous woman—tall, shapely, and blonde, with beautiful blue eyes. She had on a sundress that was so sheer it left nothing to the imagination. She handed me my iced tea and told me to sit down on the mower. Then she walked over and put her hand on the growing bulge in my pants.

"What's this, a special tool for fixing things?" Tina asked. I couldn't believe what was happening. She unzipped my pants and freed my rock-hard cock. She slowly stroked it up and down, then began licking it all over. I reached under her dress to feel her fine ass. Then I moved my hand between her legs as she spread them for me. Her pussy was clean-shaven and dripping wet. As I rubbed her clit, she started to suck harder and faster, deep-throating every inch of my cock.

I put two fingers inside her. I pumped them in and out to the rhythm of her magical sucking. She began pushing back, and I felt her muscles tighten up. Soon she came so hard that she squeezed my fingers out of her and took my entire cock deep inside her mouth, right down to the base.

Tina dragged me up by my pants and led me into the house. She undressed me and pushed me onto the floor. She hastily pulled off her sundress, turned her back to me, and straddled my head, placing her still-dripping pussy over my mouth. My tongue explored deep inside her as my lips caressed her clit. Then she leaned forward and started sucking me again, playing with my asshole with her moistened finger. I went crazy, sucking, licking, and plunging my tongue as deep into her pussy as I could. She was grinding her pussy on my face and licking the head of my cock like a Popsicle. At the same time,

I could feel the pressure building up, and I couldn't take it anymore. I exploded, filling her mouth with my hot cream.



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she slid her finger in and out of my asshole.

I could feel the pressure building up until I was ready to burst. I couldn't take it anymore and exploded, filling her mouth with my hot cream. Tina tried to swallow as much as she could, but some still ran out of her mouth and back down my cock. She licked me clean, and got up on her hands and knees. She told me to kneel in front of her, and she started sucking me off again. I reached forward to play with her firm, full tits, rubbing them and rolling her nipples between my fingers.

When my cock reached its full length again, she pulled away and told me to fuck her doggie-style. I went behind her and slid my cock into her tight pussy. I started slow, using long, steady strokes until she screamed, "Fuck me! Fuck me hard!"

She didn't have to tell me twice. I gripped Tina's hips and pounded away, slapping her ass every couple

of thrusts. "Harder, faster, harder!" she screamed. I could feel her pussy muscles squeezing my cock. "I'm coming! Oh, God, I'm coming!" she groaned.

She came harder than I'd ever seen a woman come, then collapsed and moaned, "Now it's your turn." With her face still pressed against the floor she reached behind, pulled my cock out of her, and moved it higher. "Fuck my ass!" she demanded. I guided my cock straight into her puckered asshole. "Yes, that's it. Fill my ass!" she cried.

I started pumping away again, not knowing how much longer I could hold back. I played with Tina's clit and slid two fingers inside her pussy and worked them as fast as I was fucking her ass. I could feel my cock in her ass through her pussy. Tina was getting ready to come again. I was almost at my peak, fucking as hard as I could, ramming my rod deep into her ass and finger-fucking her wet cunt.

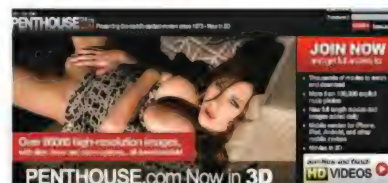
All at once she came, and I filled her ass with every last drop of come I had. She fell flat to the floor and whispered, "Thank you." I collapsed on Tina's back, still inside her. Eventually I pulled out of her, cleaned myself up, and left.

A week later I received a call for another service visit to my favorite customer. This was going to be an excellent summer.—M.V., *Oklahoma*



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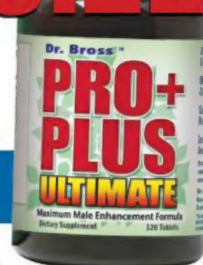
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V12



V-Day Va-jay-jay

As we were prepping our “hot models in sexy lingerie” piece (if you missed it, go back to page 48), we found ourselves reminiscing about our February 2012 lingerie feature and that month’s superhot Pet of the Month, Brett Rossi. Until now, the steamiest photos have been available only on Penthouse.com. This small sample is likely to have you immediately logging on to see more—and who could blame you?



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